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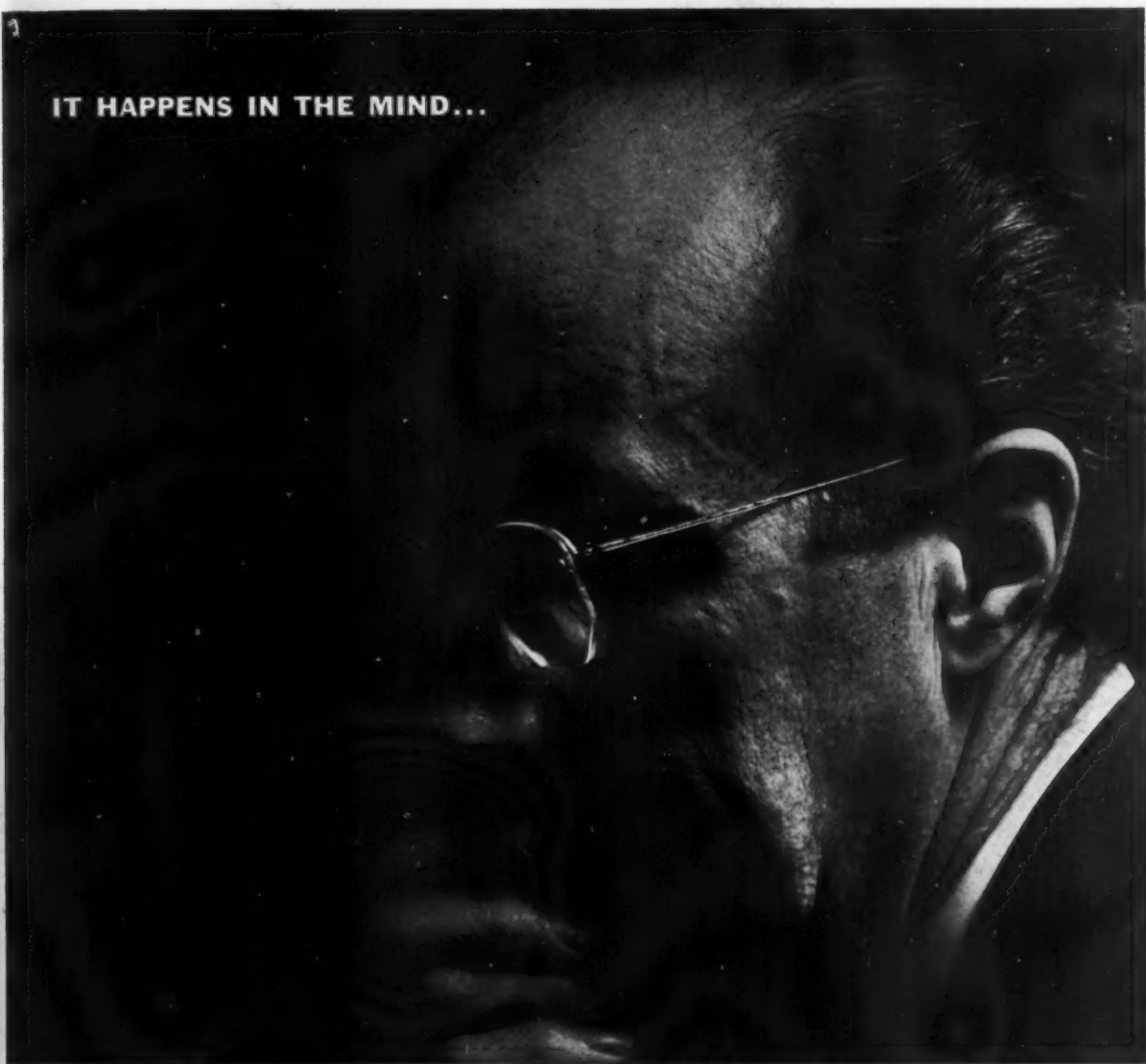


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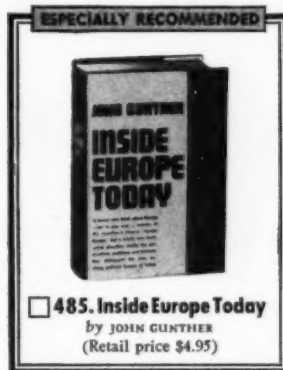
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As Max Ascoli says in his editorial, "Intermezzo," the President has lately been concentrating most of his attention on foreign affairs. So have we—not, needless to say, because of lack of concern over domestic affairs, but because of the cruel need of establishing priorities among the many burning issues we felt we had to bring to the attention of our readers. But we waited impatiently for the Berlin or East-West turmoil to subside a little, even briefly, so as to take a good look at our economy and at the working of our institutions in the Kennedy era. Has the President lived up to his campaign pledges? Has the nation's economy, as he put it several times while electioneering, started "moving ahead"? We have entrusted this subject to **Robert Lekachman**, a member of the faculty at Barnard College and author of *The History of Economic Ideas* (Harper). Mr. Lekachman presents a sober report about sober accomplishments. President Kennedy has tried his best in the sphere of economics—as in all other spheres, domestic and international. Whether this best is good enough it is too early to say. . . . But there are some issues about which the President must engage all the power of his leadership. Probably the most important of these is that of tariffs and foreign trade, and on this we have a report from **Bernard D. Nossiter**, who is on the staff of the *Washington Post*. There is nothing academic about this issue now—the economic power of united Europe is already a formidable reality. Will we follow an opposite trend and seclude ourselves behind protectionist barriers, or will we join the new European trade alliance so that it will become an Atlantic common market?

BUT despite the urgency of domestic economic problems, we cannot forget Berlin, which means Germany, which means Europe, which means our coalition. We are glad to publish on this subject excerpts from a newsletter entitled "Senator Douglas Reports," which was recently

circulated by **Senator Paul H. Douglas** on his return from Germany. . . . **Meg Greenfield**, a staff writer, examines some new pieces of "How To" literature that propose to show how Americans can win friends abroad and how they can succeed in being forgiven for being American, wealthy, and well-meaning. Obviously, this analysis of documents prepared for the Peace Corps does not reflect an unfavorable opinion on our part toward the Peace Corps as a whole. We like the idea in general, although it is too early to judge its results as yet. . . . As an antidote to whatever misgivings may be produced by Miss Greenfield's article, we are glad to publish a report on one American abroad whose popularity is based on down-to-earth attributes: knowledge and capability. **Robert Karr McCabe**, who writes from Tokyo about Ambassador Reischauer, is a freelance journalist in the Far East. . . . **Bruce Grant**, a correspondent for several Australian newspapers, discusses the proposed new Federation of Malaysia. . . . **Denis Warner**, another Australian journalist, assesses the Soviet Union's take-over bid in Bung Karno's Indonesia.

Derek Morgan has one of the seven or eight best bass voices on our editorial staff. . . . **Hilton Kramer** draws on wide experience in making his rather harsh comments on certain trends in modern art. . . . **Nat Hentoff** reviews some new jazz recordings. . . . **Alfred Kazin** examines a pseudonymous young Russian writer's assessment of the position of the artist in the Soviet state. . . . **George Steiner** now teaches at Churchill College, Cambridge. . . . **Jay Jacobs's** art work is as familiar to our readers as his writing—though not always so clearly labeled. In this issue the two are combined in his review of a new book on children's toys.

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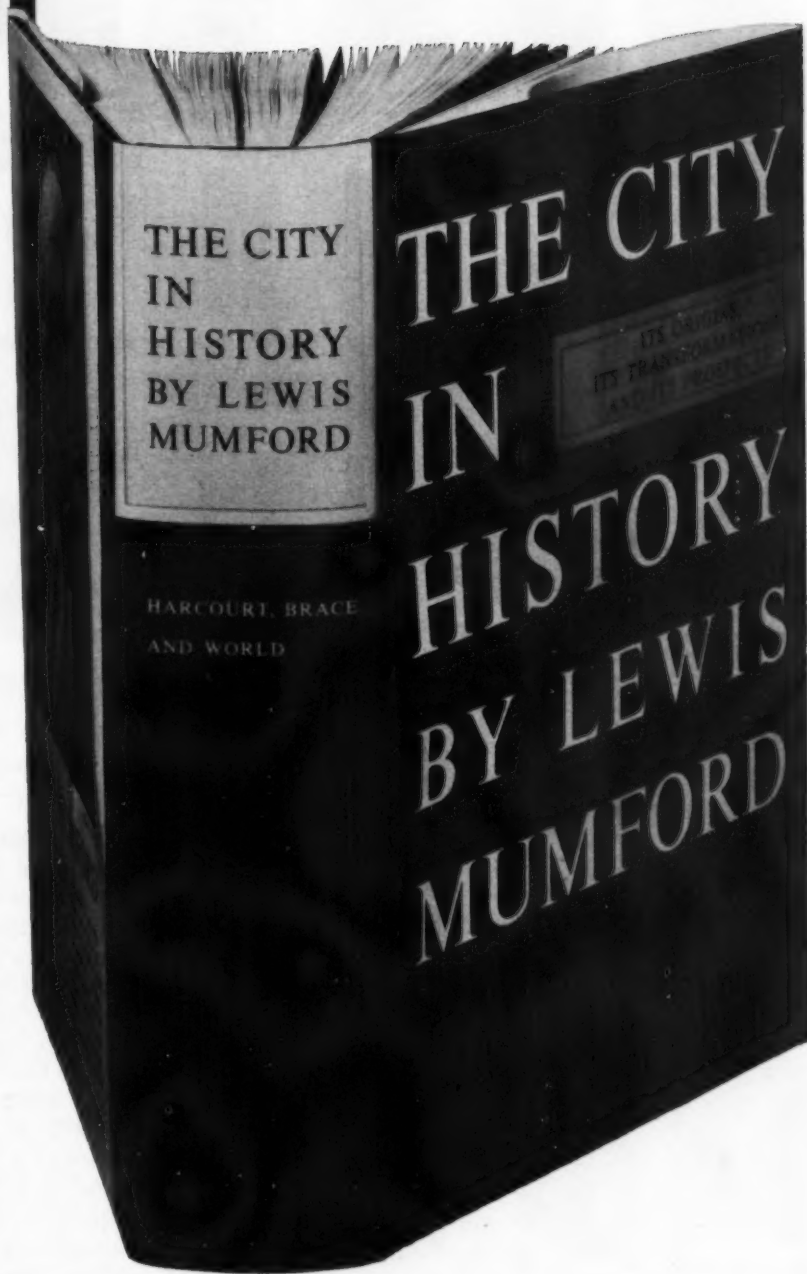
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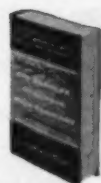
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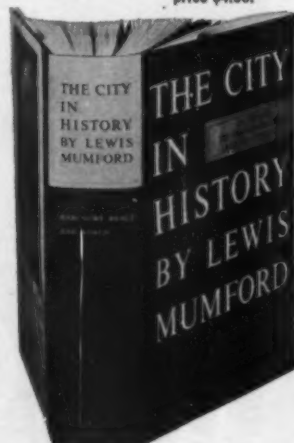
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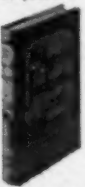
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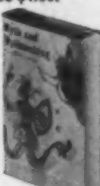
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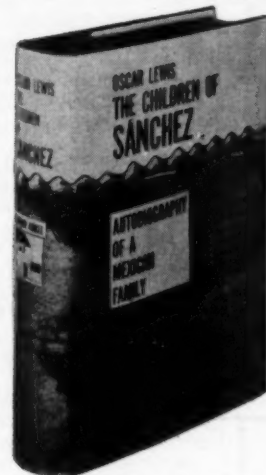
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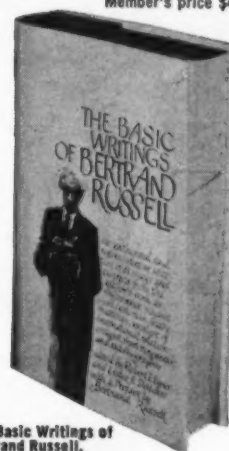
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CORRESPONDENCE

LIPPMANN

To the Editor: The viciousness of your editorial "The Case of Walter Lippmann" (*The Reporter*, November 9) and the chauvinistic callousness with which you apparently weigh the future of the human race shock me deeply.

ERIC K. SANDER
Cleveland

To the Editor: I happen to have a specialized interest in Mr. Lippmann's work of the recent past. For years I have been a reporter covering and commenting on foreign affairs. Since 1945, when I was with the Red Army during the Battle of Berlin, I have been an eyewitness to Soviet consolidation of power in Eastern Europe. Those melancholy sixteen years are a long time, but Mr. Lippmann has been on the scene lots longer. I do not believe it possible to assess the human element in ferment far away from an aseptic eyrie in Washington. Mr. Lippmann did—and does. Now, he rather bleakly gives away to the Soviet Union people who do not belong to him.

This is not Mr. Lippmann's prerogative or anyone else's. I daresay Mr. Lippmann never analyzed the human motives that caused the explosions in East Berlin in 1953 or in Hungary in 1956, to cite only two upheavals. Mr. Lippmann seems to believe fervently in some sort of settlement in Central Europe. But areas of occupation, which is what satellite Europe is today, are never resolved by treaties arrived at by supposedly pragmatic negotiations. The average human being, so ignored by policymakers, often takes his fate into his own hands.

This is a "reality" that never seems to appear in Mr. Lippmann's proposals for East-West settlements. Yet by opposing his ideas, a critic finds himself beset by outraged intellectual conformists. Mr. Lippmann is their ikon around which they rally. It is fashionable, and the comfortable herd instinct for what they regard as sane preservation must not be upset. If it is, the unorthodox critic is balefully attacked as a "rightist," an unfrocked liberal, or maybe even a secret Bircher.

You, if I recall correctly, defied Fascism with your person. I wonder how many of your present-day critics did. To assail intellectual conformity as it exists around the aloof personality of Mr. Lippmann today is, in my opinion, a splendid service. With your editorial, you performed a worthy service that needed doing in these perplexed times.

SEYMOUR FREIDIN
New York

To the Editor: Lippmann's columns insisting on negotiations as the only way to save the peace, even if we agree with you that they press too hard in that direction, serve a highly useful

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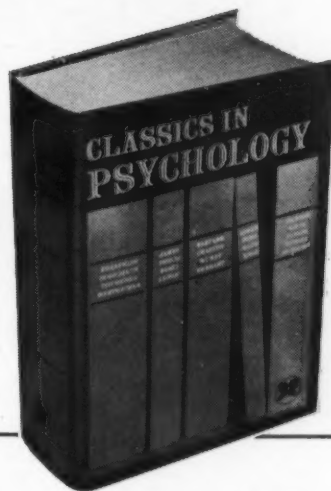
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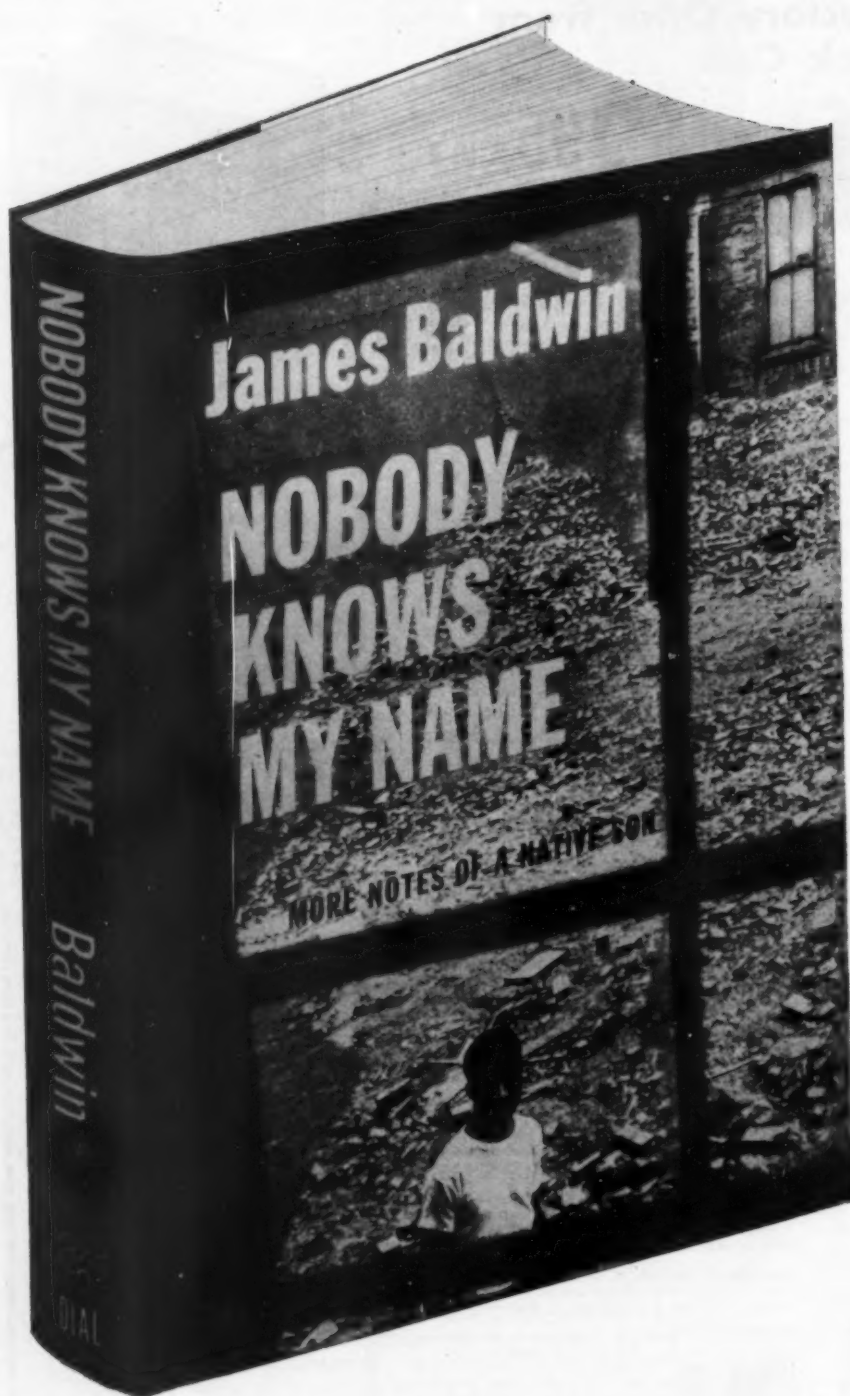
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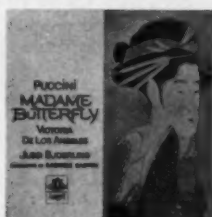
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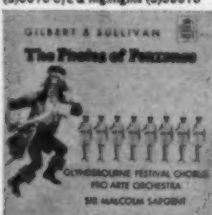
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purpose on the national and international scene. His pro-negotiations columns help to offset the Tellers and Strausses—and perhaps Ascolis—who are totally against any negotiations and who are bringing unrelenting pressure toward that end.

ALLEN KLEIN
Mount Vernon, New York

To the Editor: At long last someone has dared to question the soundness of some of Lippmann's conclusions and judgments, yet giving him full credit for his high intelligence, which of course is due him. He writes so smoothly and authoritatively that we tend to overlook some of his monumental misjudgments over the years.

Many of us still remember how wrong he was in his estimation of President Franklin Roosevelt before he took office; his pre-Presidential assessment of Eisenhower's qualifications for the Presidency was nothing short of appalling; and his evaluation of the Truman Presidency does not square with the opinion of qualified historians.

It was time that someone qualified to challenge him did so. You will probably get some brickbats, but those who understand Lippmann's weakness will regard your expression of doubt as an act of rare journalistic courage.

DAVID NOYES
Los Angeles

To the Editor: What has happened to you? Have you joined the John Birch Society? You confuse negotiation with surrender. You are apparently saying not "Give me liberty or give me death" (the time for that being far past) but "Give me liberty or give the human race death"—a decision you have no right to make.

MARY GOODWIN DANIELS
Sacramento, California

To the Editor: In my mind there is not a Case of Walter Lippmann but rather a Case of Max Ascoli. As I see it, Walter Lippmann has held consistently that a thermonuclear war is unthinkable since it would mean the end of the warring parties' civilization and hence would contradict the notion of war itself, which implies victory and the defense of certain ideals. It seemed to me that you held the same conviction.

Your editorials have lately been very different, and I should be greatly interested in the reasons for your change of position.

ROBERT S. HARTMANN
Mexico City

(A preliminary answer to those who feel that there has been a "change of position" appeared under the title "Somewhat Personal" on page 15 of the November 23 issue.)

TWO GHILDIS

To the Editor: I have just read A. A. Berle's article "Our Role in Latin America" (The Reporter, November 23)

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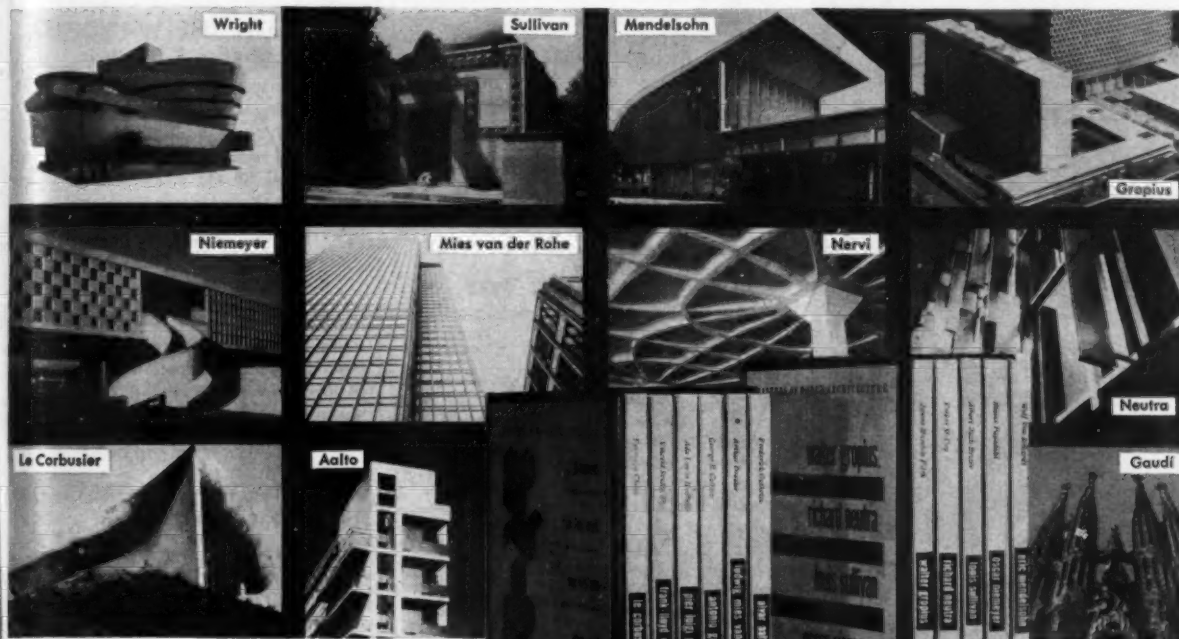
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and wish to point out an obvious error which I am confident you will wish to correct.

Américo Ghioldi has always been a strong opponent of Communism, belonging to the branch of the Socialist Party in Argentina which has consistently rejected any co-operation with Communist elements. The Socialist Democrats, of which he is a leader today in Argentina, have split away from the sector of the Socialist Party which favors such co-operation, precisely on this issue.

It is *Rodolfo Ghioldi*, brother of Américo, who was the Communist leader, and to whom undoubtedly Mr. Berle makes reference.

FRANCES R. GRANT
Inter-American Association
for Democracy and Freedom
New York

(The error was ours, not Mr. Berle's.)

WALTER'S MELTING POT

To the Editor: Meg Greenfield's article on Francis Walter and his one-man control over immigration policy ("The Melting Pot of Francis E. Walter," *The Reporter*, October 26) is a valuable contribution to an obscure and little-understood facet of our government. Outside of an esoteric group of students, lobbyists, and the few lawyers who give their lives to protecting the immigrant in the United States, it seems that almost no one pays any attention to the great injustices of our immigration policy.

In a sense, however, I am afraid that Miss Greenfield did not pay full respect to the power and subtlety of Mr. Walter in the Congress. Not only is he an indefatigable and extremely clever parliamentarian, but he is also chairman of the Immigration subcommittee, of the Un-American Activities Committee, and the House Patronage Committee. This latter committee is responsible for allocating any Capitol Hill patronage available to Democratic Congressmen, which means that all pages, elevator operators, post-office workers, and policemen on the House side owe their positions at least indirectly to the gentleman from Pennsylvania. His chairmanship of the Immigration subcommittee, which gives him the power to block any private immigration bill introduced by a Congressman (and thus make any member look impotent and useless to his constituents—a chilling prospect to an urban Congressman with many foreign-born voters), means in effect that only the most foolhardy Representative would dare cross him. Francis Walter is a powerful and dangerous enemy indeed.

On the subject of the immigration laws themselves, I entirely agree with Miss Greenfield's view that the principal weakness in our program is a direct result of the anti-democratic character of the system. Having abandoned the honest principle of first come first served, we have committed ourselves

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to admitting immigrants to this country on the basis of where they were born, what their color is, or whether their past political record meets U.S. standards. As an example of the gross discrimination of the law which now governs our country: the "country of origin" of applicants for immigration is always determined by place of birth—unless the applicant happens to come from the "Asia-Pacific Triangle," in which case the place of birth is of no consequence and the applicant must fall within the quota of that country from which his ancestors came. Thus a Swede born in England comes to this country under the never-filled English quota; but a Pakistani born in England can come here only under the Pakistan quota, which is currently so far behind that the consulate in that country is not even taking applications.

Our Constitution and the Supreme Court of the United States have consistently rejected racial criteria as a basis for the determination of any rights within the United States; but it is clear that our devotion to fairness and equality—to which our leaders and newspapers give lip service as a daily ritual—ends at the water's edge. The Statue of Liberty looks more and more like Francis Walter to the immigrant, the would-be immigrant, and even to the ordinary American citizen who is judged throughout the world by the actions of his government.

JOSEPH L. RAUH, JR., Vice Chairman
Americans for Democratic Action
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: Those like Meg Greenfield who are concerned with the discriminations contained in the immigration laws apparently assume that the United States is now underpopulated, in some way needs more people, or suffers from a shortage of labor—all of which are most questionable assumptions, particularly in view of the fact that millions of Americans are presently involuntarily unemployed.

We could, of course, quickly end our discriminatory quota system simply by refusing to submit to further immigration, and then perhaps the Meg Greenfields could devote their talents to urging us to help other countries to raise their own levels of living through intellectual enlightenment, birth control, and economic development. This might be a much more worthwhile editorial occupation.

FREDERICK W. PARKHURST, JR.
Emory, Virginia

To the Editor: In 1952 President Truman asked a small group of citizens to study the problem of immigration in the United States and to make recommendations for legislation. This commission traveled widely in the United States, listening to distinguished citizens of a number of major cities as to their concern regarding our immigration practices. Some two thousand pages of testimony were taken and recom-

mendations made on the basis of the experience of this commission, which, it was hoped, might help to determine policy in the handling of the problem of immigration and naturalization. So far as I can discover, these studies had little if any effect on the McCarran-Walter Act.

The recommendations we made may not have been perfect, but they were based on a careful study of the effect of existing legislation, on public sentiment regarding the numbers, quality, and distribution of our acceptance of immigrants into this country, and some suggestion as to their absorption into the American community. Their acceptance might well have resulted in a modest increase in the number of immigrants allowed but would have provided for their distribution among the countries of the world in quite different proportions from those provided for in the present act.

The proponents of the McCarran-Walter Act have shown great skill not only in drafting an act which is restrictive in effect but also in dealing with their fellow legislators. The act was passed over President Truman's veto even though it did not represent the desire our commission found in public sentiment. Congressman Walter is highly skilled in drafting legislative gadgets which, while they look innocent, are usually restrictive. It has also been said that he knows his legislation in detail as few others in or out of Congress do. Also, he has frequently been generous in helping individuals caught in unfortunate situations by himself proposing special bills to relieve personal hardship cases.

Miss Greenfield has, I believe, accurately appraised the extraordinarily persuasive influence of Congressman Walter as both legislator and administrator of our jumbled Immigration and Naturalization Act. If, as is reported, Mr. Walter is not a candidate for reelection next year, one may hope that more orderly and humane legislation and administration of this important service will be brought about.

CLARENCE E. PICKETT
Philadelphia

To the Editor: Upon my return from Geneva, Switzerland, where I attended the XV Session of the Council of the Inter-governmental Committee for European Migration, I had my first opportunity to read Meg Greenfield's article on immigration. I was delighted to see what a wonderful piece she has produced. I know how painstakingly she has been researching this complex and difficult material, and I wish to congratulate her for the splendid results. I might add that not only has she quoted me correctly, but that she has shown her complete understanding of my position and reflected it faithfully in her article.

FRANCIS E. WALTER
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

THE REPORTER

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Uncommunicators

If we say that the debates between the Democratic and Republican Party chairmen aren't what they used to be when Paul Butler and Len Hall periodically blew the antennas off the roof, don't get us wrong and think we miss them. True, the unremitting exchange of "I did not," "So are you," and "Don't think the American people are going to be fooled by that" was grand fun and had a certain advantage in that it could always be tuned out in the comfortable knowledge that both men were probably wrong. But while the current party chairmen, John M. Bailey (D.) and William E. Miller (R.), manage to incorporate in their arguments an appropriate degree of piety, hyperbole, and plain orneriness, from time to time they both tend to be right. We have in mind in particular a recent exchange in *Editor & Publisher* on the subject of the government and the press.

Chairman Miller led off the debate, accusing the Kennedy administration of "censorship, favoritism, 'managing' news, carelessness and attempting to use reporters as political propaganda conduits." It was well known, he contended, that a "tendency exists among some government press officers to try to make themselves, their bosses, or their political parties 'look good,'" and he implied that Presidential Press Secretary Pierre Salinger is a "puff artist and a political censor." Miller went on to complain that the present administration had often withheld news from the press and just as often wooed it by offering opulent White House luncheons to out-of-town publishers and special consideration to pro-administration newsmen. What was more, the President himself became furious at press criticism and did not hesitate to let the critics know about it.

Chairman Bailey countered, in a subsequent article, that the Eisen-

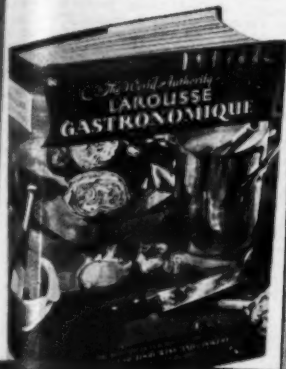
hower years had witnessed a truly dangerous growth of government secrecy. He cited the extension of the claim of Executive privilege and Executive Order 10501, which gave nonmilitary agencies the authority to bury information in the manner of the military. He recalled the Eisenhower administration's attempt during the last campaign to keep secret a USIA report on American prestige abroad, and denied the accuracy of many of Chairman Miller's examples of wrongdoing since last January. "This should not be a partisan issue," he summed up.

Though this plea is one of the familiar gambits of partisan argument, there are a couple of good reasons why both parties would do well to take this one out of the arena. First, from their own points of view, each side stands to lose. Thus, remarks about press officers trying to make their bosses "look good" bring to mind the skills of Mr. Hagerty. Similarly, charges of stories leaked to favored reporters make us think back to the way in which the appointment of Chief Justice Warren reached the public. The growth of governmental secrecy beyond reasonable limits during the last administration need not even be argued, and Mr. Eisenhower was reportedly made just as furious as Mr. Kennedy by press criticism, a problem he is said to have solved by not reading the papers rather than by ticking off the offending reporters.

If Chairman Miller is vulnerable, so is Chairman Bailey. The Democratic leader did not bother to deny some of his opponent's charges, notably that the administration had attempted to fob off on the press a special glowing report of the President's legislative accomplishments not long ago which they were encouraged to use as their own analysis. If the Republicans were guilty in the past of disarming newsmen by providing them with too little in-

(Continued on page 25)

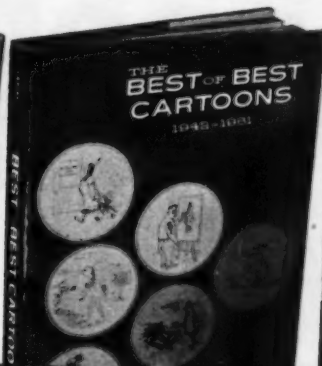
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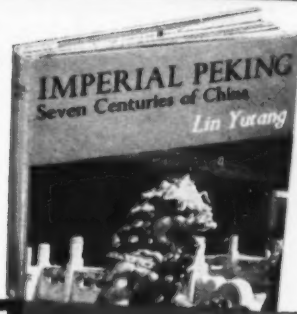


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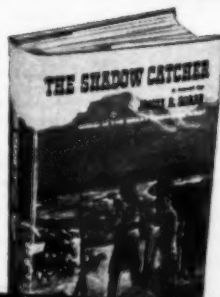
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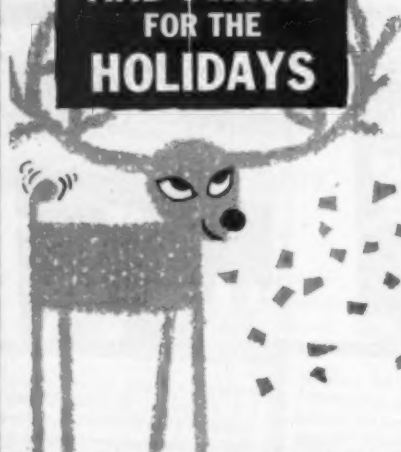
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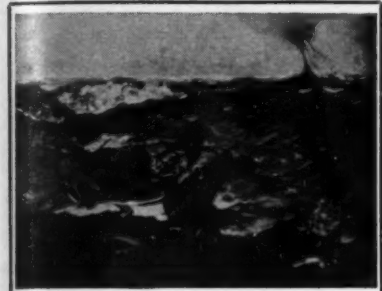
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Through all the seasons of the year, television illuminates tradition, enlivens routine, and challenges the mind to new awareness of our past, present, and future. For a sampling of holiday celebration on television—and for a broad range of rewarding entertainment and information—watch for the programs in the accompanying listings.

Television Information Office
666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.



Some Programs for the Holidays

Protestant and Catholic Services
Sunday, December 24 (11:15 PM-1 AM)

Amahl and the Night Visitors
Sunday, December 24 (4-5 PM)

The Coming of Christ
Art treasures interpret the Nativity.
Wednesday, December 20 (8:30-9 PM)

The First Candle
Children enact the Hanukkah story.
Sunday, December 3 (10-10:30 AM)

The Eternal Light
Hanukkah lamps from Biblical times.
Sunday, December 10 (1:30-2 PM)

A Joyful Noise
Christmas music; Leonard Bernstein.
Thursday, December 14 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The Wizard of Oz
The MGM movie starring Judy Garland.
Sunday, December 10 (6-8 PM)

Enchanted Nutcracker
Based on Tchaikovsky's classic.
Saturday, December 23 (7:30-8:30 PM)

A Trip to Christmas
New York City Ballet; Schola Cantorum.
Friday, December 22 (9:30-10:30 PM)

A Child's Christmas in Wales
Adaptation of a story by Dylan Thomas.
Sunday, December 24 (11-11:30 AM)

Christmas at the Paris Circus
Friday, December 22 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir
Sunday, December 31 (3-4 PM)

**In December... Some Other
Programs of Special Interest**

Young People's Concert

Leonard Bernstein and N.Y. Philharmonic
perform works by Debussy and Ravel.
Friday, December 1 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Army-Navy Game

Saturday, December 2 (1:15 PM)

Wisdom

Pearl Buck, Frank Lloyd Wright,
Harry Emerson Fosdick,
David Ben-Gurion.

Sundays, December 3-10-17-31 (5-5:30 PM)

Japan: East Is West

Western impact on Japan's culture.

Monday, December 4 (8-9 PM)

Report on School Dropouts

Tuesday, December 5 (10:30-11 PM)

The Picture of Dorian Gray

Cedric Hardwicke and George C. Scott in a
new adaptation of Oscar Wilde's novel.

Wednesday, December 6 (8:30-9:30 PM)

U.S. Bases Overseas

Thursday, December 7 (7:30-8:30 PM)

**The Third Giant: Alternatives Ahead for
Western Europe**

Thursday, December 7 (10-11 PM)

Designs in Music

Joan Sutherland, Margot Fonteyn, the
Raymond Scott Quintet, and others.
Friday, December 8 (9:30-10:30 PM)

Come Again to Carthage

Maurice Evans, Ann Harding, and Piper
Laurie in an original drama by Robert Creen.

Friday, December 8 (10-11 PM)

Communism in Italy

Sunday, December 10 (10-11 PM)

United Nation's Children's School

Wednesday, December 13 (8:30-9 PM)

The Peace Corps: A Case Study

Friday, December 15 (9:30-10:30 PM)

Year-End Review

Tuesday, December 26 (10-11 PM)

Years of Crisis

Thursday, December 28 (10-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled

Mon.-Fri.: CONTINENTAL CLASSROOM:

Modern Algebra

American Government

COLLEGE OF THE AIR:

The New Biology

Mondays: EXPEDITION!

Wednesdays: DAVID BRINKLEY'S JOURNAL

Thursdays: CBS REPORTS

Fridays: EYEWITNESS

FRANK MCGEE'S HERE & NOW

Saturdays: UPDATE

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formation, the Democrats seem bent on overinforming them. All of which suggests the most compelling reasons why the relationship between the government and the press is not properly a partisan issue: by and large, it is up to the press to decide what to do with the information it receives or doesn't receive.

In his article Mr. Miller declares that a Defense Department spokesman said not long ago, "If reporters are not getting all the news they should it is because they aren't working hard enough." He may have a point. Most administrations can be expected to be in some degree highhanded, puffy, and protective when it comes to disseminating news, and when such habits reach the point of dishonesty the administration in office should rightly be taken to task. But it is up to the reporters themselves to avoid an administration's bear hug, emulating the enterprising reporter who got hold of the USIA poll in the last campaign. Too many serious and highly respected newspapers seem to be doing more repeating than reporting, in an endless series of stories based on the unattributable handout and closed-door chitchat. It is seldom that one encounters the original, sought-out news story any more.

Rayburn's Legacy

During the interregnum last year, it has been reliably reported, the newly elected President and Vice-President played golf in Palm Beach while Speaker Rayburn tagged along, wearing his trench coat and his perpetual scowl. Kennedy nudged Johnson and remarked, "Look at that old fellow. Do you realize that if I die and you die, he will be President of the United States?" And Johnson responded, "Yes, and don't think he doesn't realize it, too."

More than a few would argue that Rayburn would not have made a bad President by any means. He was the last of the old-style leaders who sneered at innovations like television that have tended to make character actors of politicians. There was a quality of disciplined integrity in Rayburn's life that gave it serenity to the very end.

He served as Speaker of the House

more than twice as long as any other man, and had been in Congress so long—forty-eight years—that he seemed almost to own the place. Few of his admirers realized that the rotten-borough constituency in Texas he represented, the sixth smallest in the nation, could have been made hazardous for him if it had ever been extended, as threatened, into the rich Republican suburbs of Dallas. But Rayburn's powerful position in Washington was based on the most solid of foundations. His dominance over the jealous fiefdoms of the House was based—to use the hackneyed expression—on the respect in which the members held him. Nobody suspected Rayburn of hanky-panky. His word was as good as his bond.

This is worth recalling now that the House Democrats are faced with the problem of choosing a successor. It has already been taken as a sure thing that Majority Leader John McCormack (D., Massachusetts) will move up to Speaker while the Democratic whip, Carl Albert of Oklahoma, will take over as majority leader. It is a succession without much promise. McCormack has always had a curious talent for outsmarting himself by his slick wheeling and dealing in the lobbies. Albert has displayed little distinction as a legislative craftsman. Both, it is reported, are entirely acceptable to the Southern hierarchy which has opposed many of the administration's major legislative proposals.

The only prospective challenge comes from Richard Bolling (D., Missouri), who has announced plans to stand against Albert. Bolling, a Rayburn protégé, has shown great ability as strategist for some of the major legislative achievements during recent years. Much more than the others, he has the stature to lead in the Rayburn tradition. So far, however, there has been a marked failure of administration supporters to rally behind him. The President, fearful of stirring antagonisms, has adopted an attitude of strict impartiality.

The past session should have demonstrated to the President how much trouble the House can make for his legislative program. Without vigorous leadership working in co-operation with the President, the

House wing of the Capitol is apt to turn into a dead end for much important new legislation.

Ruble Pinching

"In recent years," Khrushchev told the Twenty-second Congress of the Russian Communist Party on October 17, "our country, considerably outstripping the United States, as before, in rate of progress, has begun to overtake it also in absolute increases of production of many of the most important products. It is now a matter of speedily reducing the gap in the level of production and of the Soviet Union's emergence into first place in the world in output of

a number of products and articles. . . . Our country now produces almost one-fifth of the world's industrial production—more than Great Britain, France, Italy, Canada, Japan, Belgium, and the Netherlands combined." It took him six and a half hours to list the "colossal changes" that have taken place under Communism. The Russians can claim at least one record—that for boasting.

Consequently, we were greatly surprised, a month later, by the behavior of A. A. Roshchin, a Soviet representative to the U.N. Mr. Roshchin evidently was appalled by the prospect of a very slight increase (1.47 per cent) in the Soviet Union's payments to the U.N. He at once pro-

tested that "material errors" had been made in computing the U.S.S.R.'s national income and that insufficient account had been taken of "the immense damage" caused by the Second World War to the national economy. He suggested that the Secretariat officials might not be competent to deal with factors relating to the Soviet economy.

Refreshing as it is to hear Russia cry poor for a change, we wonder just who is competent to unravel the contradictions of Soviet bookkeeping. Perhaps one of our own Internal Revenue agents should be lent to the U.N. They have strong feelings about people who keep two sets of books.

THE UGLY TREND

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS
"For a few moments I was really scared," a French friend confessed to me the other day after a plastic bomb had exploded in his apartment building. "I thought the boiler had burst." The reaction was fairly typical of the casual attitude that numbers of Frenchmen manage to maintain in the face of the right-wing terrorist campaign that in one recent day led to ten bomb outrages in Paris alone. But it would be a grave error to conclude that because the country is not terrorized, the campaign is a failure. It is a deadly success that puts not only de Gaulle's Algerian policy but French democracy itself in imminent jeopardy.

The plastic explosions in mainland France are usually set off by the same clandestine organization—General Raoul Salan's Organization Armée Secrète, or O.A.S.—that has been operating so murderously in Algeria against liberal settlers or officials loyal to the central government. Unlike the terrorist acts in Algeria, those in mainland France are not primarily intended to punish or to intimidate. Essentially they are detonators of civil conflict, intended to sting the Left into retaliation and thereby to polarize opinion. Without the co-operation of a complementary extremism on the Left, the right-wing extremists would get nowhere with their campaigns. Fortunately for them—and calamitously for France—they are now getting magnificent co-operation from the Communists.

For some weeks, O.A.S. terrorism has been providing useful ammunition for the Communist propaganda campaigns to organize a new Popular Front in France under the camouflage of local anti-fascist vigilance

committees. Despite the opposition of Socialist leader Guy Mollet, the drive has been making steady progress. The recent stepping up of O.A.S. and other right-wing agitation has given it new vigor. Instead of merely setting up committees or organizing protest meetings, the Communists are now getting some support from other left-wing elements for political strikes and demonstrations. There have already been riotous ones in Paris and Toulouse spearheaded by Communist students.

Unless the trend is halted soon, a point will be reached where every demonstration or agitational act will automatically produce counterdemonstrations and counteragitation. In time the public may forget whether it is demonstrating in favor of negotiations with the F.L.N. or against it, in support or in defiance of General de Gaulle. Already the issue in the minds of many Frenchmen is no longer the Algerian question itself but the proper civic attitude toward the O.A.S. campaign. Seen it may turn into the simpler and deadlier issue of Right versus Left, with de Gaulle all but forgotten somewhere in the middle.

An ominous illustration of this polarizing tendency occurred the other day during a meeting of the county council of the Department of the Seine, in which Paris is located. The seat of one of the councilors—Jean Didès, former right-wing deputy and former Paris cop—happened to be empty because the councilor was in jail on suspicion of seditious utterances during a public meeting organized by O.A.S. sympathizers in the capital and attended by several well-known politicians, including for-

mer Premier Georges Bidault. In homage to their absent friend, the rightists in the council placed a tricolor sash on Didès' seat. A Communist councilor tried to snatch it away. Soon the whole council was in an uproar. A number of Socialists joined the Communists in exchanging kicks and punches with their right-wing colleagues. The Gaullists and Catholic Popular Republicans, who constitute the Center of the Seine Council, sat in impotent silence while Left and Right battled it out. In the end the rightists declared they would no longer sit in the same assembly with Communists and walked out in a body, pursued by the triumphant hoots of the Reds.

Some observers here hope that de Gaulle's hard-hitting address to the French Army in Strasbourg will eventually rally the wavering elements in it to unconditional support of the régime, thus virtually eliminating any risk of full-scale civil war. The conversion, if it occurs, cannot be expected overnight. The immediate reaction of de Gaulle's military audience was chilly, the second time in a month that the legendary de Gaulle magic has failed to work on a French crowd (the other case was Marseilles).

"There's nothing to hope for from de Gaulle," the crypto-Communist *Libération* commented after his Strasbourg speech. "He is getting to resemble Hindenburg more every day." It would be hard to find a more absurd analogy than that between de Gaulle and the wooden old Prussian marshal, but the analogy between France in 1961 and Germany in 1932, thanks in part to the Communists, is beginning to seem painfully accurate.

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Intermezzo

THE GREATEST PORTION of the President's time is spent on foreign affairs, it has been repeatedly said. We have no right to blame him for concentrating his energies on world politics but we are grateful to him for having recently reminded the nation that domestic politics is still very much with us.

The proper combination of stimulants and controls our economy needs for healthy growth demands as much attention as the balance of will with Soviet Russia. Nothing on earth can stop our electioneering process and during the first term of a President, more than ever, all elected leaders are candidates running for office. It was both as the man who heads the nation and as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency that Mr. Kennedy took a quick tour West and delivered some impressive speeches.

True, neither the President nor his large, live audiences could get away from the Berlin Wall, or from the balance of will with Soviet Russia. He spoke as one who is intolerant of sweeping simplifications in terms of either/or, and who refuses to see the tasks ahead in terms of unmanageable, suicidal absolutes. As a man who wants to exercise his freedom and not just orate about it, he came out with all the authority and prestige of his office against those who believe that we have only two choices: "appeasement or war, suicide or surrender, humiliation or holocaust, to be either Red or dead."

These were good, forceful words. A man like the President, who wants to use his power in order to further the nation's freedom, must know how to avoid the entrapment of the two phony choices. He must reserve to himself the greatest possible margin of initiative if each particular

difficulty that faces him is to be overcome. Berlin, for instance. The President has unmistakably stated that he cherishes having a plurality of choices at his disposal. It is a trial that never ends, where no decision is ever likely to be free of great risk or to exonerate him from further decisions. Only one thing is clear to him and to the whole nation: every one of these decisions has to be *his*.

The nation can now confidently wait for the President to practice what he has so forcefully stated. The wait will not be long, for the situations where the President's power of free and responsible decision must test itself are already too many, both in the domestic and in the international arenas. The statements he has recently made reinforce our belief that the President is equal to his formidable task.

Meanwhile, those of us who trust him are becoming somewhat inured to certain peculiarities of his rhetoric. We like to think they are only a question of oratorical mannerism: an addiction to the balanced phrase ("while we shall negotiate freely, we will never negotiate freedom"), a tendency to keep rocking from one extreme to the other, as if the constant oscillations between them could provide a dynamic equilibrium.

We would not be so pedantic as to criticize the President's style if we were not certain that sometimes it betrays rather than expresses his thinking: "Let us concentrate more on keeping enemy bombers and missiles away from our shores, and concentrate less on keeping neighbors away from our shelters. Let us devote more energy to organizing the free and friendly nations of the world, with common trade and strategic goals, and devote less energy to organizing armed bands of civilian

guerrillas that are more likely to supply local vigilantes than national vigilance." Unquestionably, the President wants not just fewer vigilantes, but no vigilantes at all.

THESE RIGHT-WING extremists whom the President denounced in Los Angeles are a recurrent affliction of our politics. Only a short time has passed since the end of the McCarthy era. So much harm was done then that the nation can scarcely afford another round. Those possessed characters—most of them, let's hope, unknowingly—worked for the enemy as agents of divisiveness at home while besmirching the country's reputation abroad. Can we allow a repeat performance so few years after the perambulations of Cohn and Schine?

These extremists, to use the President's word, must be the object of a quiet, constant, humorous attention. They will call us Communists together with the President and his distinguished immediate predecessor. We can scarcely wait.

We must never leave them the initiative to decide who are to be our friends. Actually, no matter how much noise they make or stench they spread, they do not exist: they have estranged themselves from the political community, and are so ignorant and seditious as to challenge the monopoly the national government has on the nation's defense.

The President has recognized these misguided people for what they are. Having done this job well, he will keep half an eye on them and, above all, we are sure, carefully avoid considering them as a political force worth being appeased. One by one, most of them will drift back into the political community, abandoning their grotesque secession—just as happened before.

Mr. Kennedy's Economic Policies

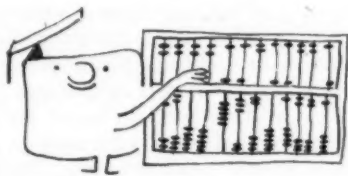
ROBERT LEKACHMAN

THE TWO DOCUMENTS that best register a President's economic policy are the Economic and the Budget Messages which he sends down to Congress in the opening weeks of each year's legislative session. Therefore it will not be until this approaching January that President Kennedy will have his best chance to state in rounded form his conception of the condition of the nation's economy, prepared by economic advisers of his own choosing, and his analysis of the country's finances, shaped by a Budget Director and a Secretary of the Treasury who are also the President's men.

In practice any incoming President can alter only moderately his predecessor's final budget, especially since any departing administration, by political custom, does its best to narrow the fiscal choices of its successor. Nevertheless, a new administration at the end of nearly a year of office constructs a record of economic performance and omission that offers a reasonable basis of at least provisional assessment. Mr. Kennedy had the political good fortune to conduct his Presidential campaign in the midst of a recession; when he assumed office, unemployment hovered around seven per cent. But although recessions aid candidates, they injure officeholders. Hence even before Mr. Kennedy became President Kennedy, he commissioned Paul Samuelson, this year's head of the American Economic Association, to analyze the state of the economy and propose measures for its improvement. A restrained document, the ensuing Samuelson Report advocated a three-stage program: (1) a bundle of measures designed to ease credit, stimulate residential construction, and improve the unemployment-compensation system; (2) a

general cut in personal income taxes, to be applied within a given range at the discretion of the President; and (3) an extensive program of public works. Professor Samuelson, obviously cognizant of the political climate, suggested starting with the mildest measures and advancing, if necessary, to the stronger ones.

A President's appointments reveal a good deal about his intentions and something about his necessities. Mr. Kennedy's economic appointments balanced liberals and conservatives after a fashion that has become familiar in other areas of the administration. The Council of Economic Advisers is made up of three first-class economists, generally considered members of the large liberal wing of their profession—Walter Heller of Minnesota, James Tobin of Yale, and Kermit Gordon of Williams and the Ford Foundation. All were granted access to the President and were encouraged to testify freely be-



fore Congressional committees. On the other, more conservative side of the picture, the choice plum of the Treasury, the most influential operating job, went to an Eisenhower holdover, C. Douglas Dillon. The almost equally strategic Directorship of the Budget went to David Bell, a Harvard economist of moderate views.

The President's early economic acts revealed a mixture of attitudes rather than a single clear policy. Early in March, Council Chairman

Heller emphasized in testimony before Congress the presence of substantial quantities of idle factory capacity, the inadequacies of our recent growth achievements, and the necessity of "expansionary" policies. An incidental consequence of the Council's emphasis on our recent economic sluggishness was the start of a running controversy about its statistical validity between Heller and Arthur F. Burns, once Eisenhower's chairman of the Council. But the administration's actual proposals were less than vigorous. The President did recommend, and Congress did ultimately pass into law, extension of unemployment compensation, aid to depressed areas, and a severely compromised minimum-wage bill. All three were shopworn from repeated advocacy.

A Prudent Approach

The early months of the new administration were marked by an agonized internal debate over the merits of the stronger medicines of tax cuts and public-works programs, the second and the third items on Samuelson's list. The course of the debate revealed a strong strain of fiscal conservatism in the President, a fear of acquiring a reputation as a heavy spender, and a sensitivity to criticism from the Right. Thus, though the President's rhetoric soared to heights unknown to his predecessor, his actual performance paralleled with almost eerie precision President Eisenhower's response to the 1958 recession. Like Mr. Eisenhower, President Kennedy reshuffled government programs so as to increase the rate of current spending. He presented to veterans the unexpected treat of an extra government life-insurance dividend. But before tax and public-works policies he hesitat-

ed. Though at one point the President appeared ready to give a green light to Senator Joseph S. Clark's billion-dollar program of public works, in the end he decided to reconsider, possibly as a consequence of Major Gagarin's space flight and the Cuban fiasco. In the end the only tax proposals the President sent to Congress had little to do with the recession. These, a product of Assistant Treasury Secretary Stanley Surrey's efforts to plug loopholes in expense accounts and foreign dividends, were buried in Congress. Even the tax-credit feature earned the opposition rather than the support of the businessmen whose investment it was designed to encourage. The only substantial increases in spending that the President proposed were for space and military programs. These Congress willingly approved.

THE *Wall Street Journal* possibly excepted, no responsible observer can deny that the President's approach to the recession has been prudent rather than rash. Have the results justified the administration's minimal response? According to many of the economic indicators, the country has been enjoying a recovery from a short and not very deep dip in economic activity. Disposable income reached the hands of consumers at the annual rate of \$1,923 per capita during the first 1961 quarter. By the third quarter—July, August, and September—this figure had increased to \$1,972, a moderate but encouraging advance. Other economic indices convey a similar message of cheer. Corporate profits are larger, business investment has edged upward, and the gross national product, which in the first quarter barely exceeded an annual rate of \$500 billion, is now in the neighborhood of \$530 billion. These improvements have been accompanied by a refreshing absence of price inflation and encouraging signs of restored foreign confidence in the soundness of the dollar.

This does not add up to a picture of disaster. Nevertheless, critics of the administration's economic performance do not lack for ammunition. As Mr. Nixon pointedly remarked in a recent speech, there has been almost no improvement in unemployment, which persistently

exceeds six per cent. It is no doubt true, as Paul Samuelson has pointed out, that a somewhat different pattern of seasonal adjustment would reveal a downward trend in recent months, but even if the statistical rules were altered in the middle of the game, the trend is so very gentle



that even its continuation apparently consigns the country to a rate of unemployment in excess of five per cent all during 1962. In the words of the *London Economist*, "Sustained unemployment at a rate of five per cent of the labor force is not an easy proposition to defend politically,"—especially, one might add, for a Democratic President. Moreover, there is considerable doubt that the investment plans of businessmen for 1962, as reflected by the respected McGraw-Hill survey, are sizable enough to promise a substantial impetus toward a new boom. And despite recent improvement, production in such key industries as steel and automobiles still is well below capacity. In short, there are grounds for fear that this recovery will echo other postwar revivals in stopping short of full employment either of the available labor force or of usable plant facilities. If the pessimists have the better of the argument, it will be hard to avoid the conclusion that thus far, anyway, the Kennedy administration has done no more to bring about an enduring recovery than did Republican administrations faced with similar challenges.

Clues to a Puzzle

Why has the Democratic record been no better? After all, one of the major themes of the President's campaign was an insistence that under the Republicans American economic growth had been dangerously slow. It is a fact that our growth rates have fallen below not just those of our Russian antagonist but also be-

low those of Japan, West Germany, Italy, and France. It scarcely needs demonstration that a languid recovery, of the variety that now seems fairly likely, will not cause the American economy to move ahead as fast as it could. Recession conditions that persist into 1962 will injure Democratic chances in the Congressional elections. Thus, it would appear that both the promises of the 1960 campaign and the exigencies of future contests make the President's limited response to economic recession a trifle puzzling.

However, clues to the solution of the puzzle are abundant. Basically they amount to a list of the constraints upon the President's formulation of a single-minded anti-recession program. The first of these constraints has been the difficult political ground over which the President has had to maneuver. His own majority could scarcely have been smaller. The new House of Representatives included fewer liberal Democrats than its predecessor. The threat of the familiar Republican-Southern Democratic conservative coalition could never be far from a realistic leader's calculations. In fact, this coalition operated on twenty-three important votes, and the President lost on sixteen of them. Still, it is arguable that the President got about as much from this Congress as he could have without a major appeal to the nation over the heads of the legislators.

The second and the third constraints upon Presidential policy have been economic. They concern the related dangers of inflation and an adverse balance of payments. In the mid-1930's, when John Maynard Keynes startled his colleagues with a novel theoretical justification of public works and easy money as depression remedies, he conveniently assumed that inflation became a threat only after an economy had attained full employment. Unfortunately, the facts of postwar experience fall into a less simple pattern. Prices often rise dangerously long before full employment is achieved. Indeed, they have been known to rise even during recessions. In general, economists know what to do to check inflation. There is reasonable agreement also on the policies that are best cal-

culated to stimulate employment. But professional opinion is much less confident about what should be done to counter a combination of unemployment and rising prices. Nor are economists in agreement about the causes of this unpleasant phenomenon. One explanation rests on the identification of a certain tacit collusive tendency among unions and managements in some of the major manufacturing industries. Until quite recently at any rate, Act I of the union-management bargaining charade featured substantial union demands, outraged cries from employers, and the occasional dramatic outlet of an actual strike which tidily worked off excess inventories. After a suitable interval of anguish, Act I concluded with a new contract and a substantial wage increase. In the second act, the afflicted industry frequently raised its prices by an amount large enough to assuage its anguish with the balm of larger profits. The net effect of this combination of unions and companies was wage increases in excess of productivity gains and a substantial push to price inflation.

IT IS NOT at all easy to handle this variety of cost-push inflation. In a rather gingerly way the British are experimenting with a "wage pause." The Scandinavian countries and Holland have developed complex systems of consultation and arbitration. Thus far President Kennedy has engaged in the jawbone technique of admonishment and persuasion addressed to both managements and unions. It is not proven whether this technique deserves credit for heading off a steel price increase because it is uncertain that the steel producers planned to make one at this time. What is certain is the impact of this inflationary bias upon anti-recession policy. Anti-recession measures tend to be less ambitious and to be halted earlier because one of the policymaker's eyes is fixed upon the threat of resumed inflation.

Caution is all the more appealing when past, present, or impending American price rises are combined with an adverse balance of payments and a consequential drain upon American gold reserves. American inflation has the effect of making American goods more expensive and

less competitive in foreign markets and foreign goods cheaper and more competitive in American markets. Sooner or later, short-term funds—and gold—leave the United States. The American stock of gold is substantial but finite, and it has been decreasing for several years. The domestic political repercussions of gold losses include cries for higher domestic tariffs and new arguments for the chronic opponents of foreign-aid programs. One of the President's early achievements was to check the flight of foreign balances and to restore confidence in the dollar. Nevertheless, the problem persists. In fact, in the third quarter of this year our payments deficit rose fifty per cent from the second quarter.

Good or Great?

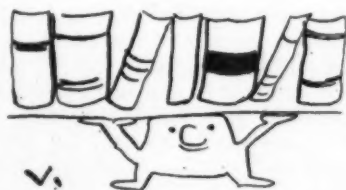
In combination, the inflation threat and the balance-of-payments menace pose a pretty problem. Measures that counter recession have an undesirable tendency to promote inflation and increase trading deficits. On the other hand, application of the precepts of sound finance frequently does protect the balance of payments and contain prices, but only at the cost of much continuing unemployment. It has seemed in the last year that we are hovering uncomfortably between the Keynesian and the pre-Keynesian, neo-classical worlds. In the Keynesian world, what matters is the total demand for goods and the volume of employment. In the neo-classical world, what counts is price stability, cost adjustments, and balanced trade.

The demands of our foreign policy are the final constraint upon the

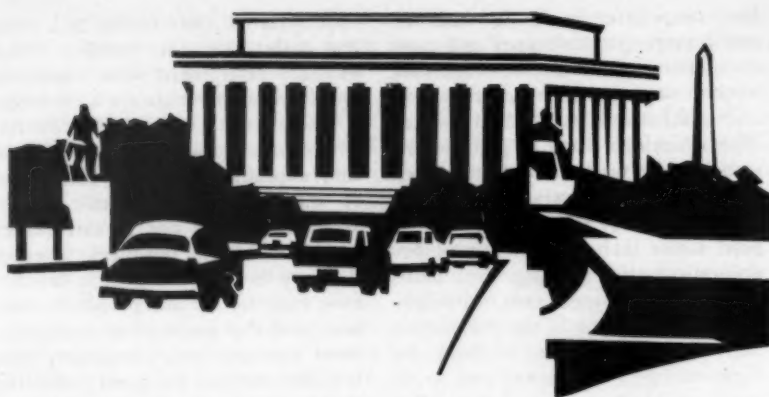
appropriated, they served as a peerless substitute for public works. Military equipment soon obsolesces and the customers always want more.

These limitations on Presidential choice are formidable. Nevertheless, they explain rather than fully justify administration economic policy. The economy is not in satisfactory condition. It is doubtful whether recovery is proceeding at a satisfactory rate to an acceptable conclusion, and the problem of unemployment has not been adequately met. It is the mark of the good politician that he recognizes the boundaries of possibility. Such recognition enables the good politician to win what he can (as President Kennedy won a major housing act), compromise when he must (as in minimum-wage legislation), and suffer unavoidable defeat with a grace that diminishes its impact (as the President handled rejection by Congress of long-term foreign-aid appropriations). It is the sign of the great politician that he commands the arts of public leadership that expand the number of choices among which he can select and choose the battlefields upon which to maneuver. Thus the great politician wins more often, compromises on more favorable terms, and loses less frequently. To the surprise of no one, the President has earned in economic policy the badge of the good politician.

Although it is still early to say whether he is going to be a great politician, two of the tests that now face President Kennedy should lead eventually to an answer. The first is the President's conduct of the trade-policy battle. If he extracts from Congress the authority that successful negotiation with the Common Market countries requires, he will triumph over the massed protectionist interests of the entire country and the jealous insistence by Congress upon its traditional prerogatives in trade policy. Similarly, the President will need to offer a stronger program to handle persistent unemployment than he has advanced thus far. The manner in which he rises to these challenges may tell us a year or so from now whether he is the great politician whom the times demand or merely the good politician who is the best we have available.



President. Our expanded space and defense budgets are designed to catch up with the Russians and expand our ability to wage conventional wars. The possibility that such funds might be required must have complicated the administration's anti-recession policy. Once they were



Tariffs and Trade: The Decision Must Be Made

BERNARD D. NOSSITER

WASHINGTON
THE CAPITAL is getting ready for another Great Debate. This term has come to mean almost any proposal generating noise, but the coming struggle over a new law to govern the nation's foreign trade is more likely than most to justify the cliché. Its repercussions go beyond the parochial questions of tariffs on baseball gloves or relief for clothing workers made jobless by Japanese imports. The trade debate will touch the most sensitive nerves of the new isolationists, sharpen national concern over unemployment, affect the future of President Kennedy's Alliance for Progress with Latin America, and resound in the often discordant concert of western nations.

"The scope and character of the tariff negotiating authority which the administration will obtain from Congress may well influence the course of history, both economic and political, for years to come." This judgment of Canada's finance minister, Donald Fleming, is echoed in the White House and along Embassy Row.

THE DEBATE will be opened officially on December 6, when President Kennedy is scheduled to address the National Association of Manufacturers in New York. The following day he is to deliver a variation on the same theme in Miami before

the AFL-CIO convention. Mr. Kennedy's message is expected to boil down to this: the twenty-seven-year-old Trade Agreements Act, one of Cordell Hull's proudest creations, is now obsolete. The President needs much broader powers over tariffs in a new economic world.

The central fact of this new world is the reduction of trade barriers between Europe's booming nations. But while the Europeans are dismantling tariff walls among themselves, they are preserving the barriers against outside nations. The European Economic Community—West Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Luxembourg—have started a round of tariff cuts that will wipe out all barriers against each other's non-farm goods sometime between 1966 and 1970. Against the rest of the world, they are jointly raising a new barrier midway between the high walls of France and Italy and the lower hurdles of Germany and the Benelux trio. Similarly, the European Free Trade Association's Outer Seven—Britain, Switzerland, Austria, Portugal, Norway, Denmark, and Sweden—have also begun to abolish tariffs against each other's goods while retaining their separate levies against outsiders.

Britain, fearful of being cut off from the lucrative markets of the Six, has now applied to join the Common Market; in one form or

another, the rest of the Seven will follow this lead. In prospect is a single market of 260 million persons with a technology as advanced as that of the United States, with appetites supported by a gross cash income three-fifths as big as ours—and all of this surrounded, like the United States, by a single tariff wall.

The former African colonies of the Six are associated with the Common Market and can at least look forward to tariff-free entry for their produce. But their rival producers of tropical products in the developing nations of Latin America and Asia will be at a competitive disadvantage.

From the narrowest of standpoints, a big United States market is threatened. This country's sales to the thirteen were \$5.7 billion in 1960. And since the thirteen nations that have organized for economic purposes in Europe were growing about sixty per cent faster than the United States during the 1950's, anything that might threaten the prospects for increased sales in the future is a very serious matter indeed.

Here is the shape of the threat: Before the Europeans began meshing their economies, an American and a German machine-tool maker both had to face the same tariff in France. After integration is completed, the German will have a five to fifteen per cent price advantage. To be sure, this example oversimplifies drastically. The common outside tariff will be low or nonexistent on many products. But a long line of American exports—ranging through machinery, electrical equipment, wheat, and manufactured chemicals—could be hit hard. To get inside these walls and take better advantage of Europe's boom, American corporations have raised their investment in European plants to \$6.6 billion, almost a fourfold increase since 1950.

Beyond these specifically commercial considerations is the administration's effort to strengthen the unity of the western nations. The President's ability to induce greater foreign-aid contributions from Europe, to gain more support for the dollar, and to influence many other foreign-policy concerns is directly related to his bargaining power over trade. The United States is the world's most glittering market. An offer of easier

access to this market is a bargaining counter of great dimensions.

Moreover, this approach can help solve the marketing problems of the disadvantaged Latins and Asians. Under the "most favored nation" policy, any reductions in United States or European tariffs reached in such bargaining is extended automatically to these other nations.

Presidential Powers

In its simplest form, the Trade Agreements Act empowers the President to exchange reductions in American tariffs for equivalent cuts by foreign nations. Since the Act's passage in 1934, the once high American tariffs have been reduced by about sixty per cent. But the legislation has lost its potency. Since 1948, Congress has been adding provisions that curtail the President's discretionary powers to cut tariffs.

Within the administration, officials are wrestling over the details of the kind of new authority the President needs. Agreement is emerging on a proposal that may be summarized this way: Instead of limiting the President's authority to cut tariffs by the fifteen or twenty per cent that Congress has been granting, empower him to wipe out gradually all tariffs on a broad range of goods in which the United States and the Common Market are dominant; permit him to cut in half the tariffs on other goods; enable the government to negotiate across the board, eliminating the "peril point" provision for setting a minimum tariff level on every one of the thousands of items to be negotiated; restrict use of the escape clause to restore levies for industries claiming injury from tariff concessions.

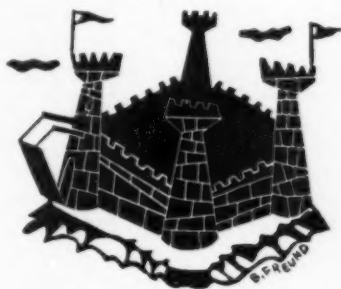
For workers and plants made idle by imports, the administration would provide loans or grants, technical help, and fast tax write-offs to stimulate purchase of new, more competitive equipment or to enable them to go into some other industry. Their unemployed workers would get longer jobless benefits, retraining in new skills, and moving allowances to help them find new jobs.

When this ambitious program reaches Congress, the ensuing clamor is sure to be loud. Some of the noise has already begun. Representative Frank T. Bow (R., Ohio) has warned

that the administration intends to "encourage foreign competition, expose American industry to bankruptcy and American workers to joblessness, establish a Federal economic program for the control and direction of injured industry and a kind of super training and employment agency for the displaced men and women." And all this will be done, he warned, for the sake of "international political policies of the State Department group."

Conventional wisdom in the capital holds the forces of protection are on the rise; that the administration will be lucky to win even a simple extension of its existing power. A genuine assessment of the conflicting interests is more complex.

American industry, big corporations and small, has a sizable stake, directly or indirectly, in foreign markets or foreign plants. It is no accident that Mr. Kennedy is launching his program before the NAM. The administration passionately wants business support for its big move. But business lobbyists in Washington have warned that most corporations will be unenthusiastic unless Kennedy agrees not to press his proposed tax increases on the earnings of their foreign subsidiaries. This may be a smoke screen. The odds are



strong that the conservatives who dominate the House Ways and Means Committee will eliminate all but the most limited features of the President's foreign tax proposals as one of their first bits of business.

The position of large corporations is anomalous. Many are rushing to invest abroad. From a short-term view, this solves the problem of European trade barriers; a firm leaps the wall and sells behind it. But from a long-range point of view, this solves nothing. Ultimately, the American firms manufacturing in Europe

want to bring home their franc, mark, and pound profits in dollars. But first the European countries must earn the dollars through trade in the United States. This consideration should put these corporations strongly in the liberal-trade camp. In business, however, the logic of a long-range interest is often less than compelling in the short run.

Some big firms with large overseas stakes have become hypnotized by their own rhetoric at the collective-bargaining table. Having repeatedly told their unions that low-wage foreign competition makes domestic pay increases impossible, these firms are in a poor position to plump for more liberal trade—despite the findings of the business-supported National Industrial Conference Board that raw-materials costs (generally higher overseas) tend to be twice as important as labor costs in the production of manufactured goods.

If some large corporations favor liberalization, smaller firms will be highly vocal on the protectionist side. Makers of plywood, cordage, pottery, bicycles, glass, and textiles will join a loud chorus demanding more, not less protection. These firms already regard themselves as victims of import competition. They can be counted on to bombard their Congressmen steadily and effectively. With unemployment persisting stubbornly, these firms will find increasing support among workers.

THE ROLE of labor will be one of the decisive factors in the outcome of the trade debate. Surprisingly, the administration can breathe quite comfortably here. President George Meany of the AFL-CIO was scheduled to restate labor's support for a liberal trade policy at a pioneering labor-trade conference sponsored by his friend President A. J. Hayes of the International Association of Machinists. The IAM's three-day meeting at the end of November was specifically designed to dampen the enthusiasm in its own ranks for boycotts on certain foreign goods, to stress the job-creating aspect of exports, and promote measures for re-employing workers made jobless by imports. Labor's top leaders will exert all their influence to keep the rank and file in line. But in a steel local that blames imports for the

number of its members who find themselves unemployed, it is questionable how much influence speeches at the top will have. As Ralph Helstein, the president of the Packinghouse Workers, says, "I can explain endlessly how our guys get jobs from exports, even how imports make jobs because we process the beef. But how effective do you think this is with a laid-off worker in Boston who sees Australian lamb at his butcher?"

The AFL-CIO's resolve to campaign and educate for liberal trade will vanish unless the administration works vigorously for "trade adjustment"—the retraining and other measures to help workers displaced by imports. One strategist in labor's high command says privately, "I've pushed, out of conviction, as hard as I can to keep the movement on a liberal path. But if we can't get a program to help our people into expanding fields, I'll be the first to urge that we go down the protectionist route."

Doubt in the House

The key to the situation in Congress is the unruly House. Senators, with a six-year term and a wider constituency, generally can and do take a broader view, especially since so many of them are in the administration's corner. Hale Boggs of New Orleans will lead the administration's battle in the House. A shrewd and intelligent man, Boggs exudes an optimism about his assignment that is not shared elsewhere on the Hill. He insists that protectionist sentiment is no greater than it was in 1958, when Congress last extended the President's tariff-cutting authority. "It was billed as a terrific fight then," he said recently, "but we won by a lopsided vote. Certainly there's more unemployment now, but it's largely concentrated in the same areas. Because of the Common Market, there's more interest in a meaningful trade program than ever before. The fight won't be any easier, but it can be won."

Skeptics assert that the 1958 row was a hollow victory for liberal traders because Congress tightened the clamps on the President's power. Doubters also argue that hostility to lower trade barriers rises geometrically as unemployment increases. Moreover, the President this time

plans to ask for a much more sweeping authority than Congress has ever been willing to grant. The death of Speaker Sam Rayburn is a blow. He could swing a score of Southern Congressmen—liberal traders in the days when exported cotton was king and protectionist in recent years with the flight of the textile industry to the South. Rayburn's heir apparent, John McCormack of Boston, is not noted for his soothing touch.

On the other side, the protectionists may for the first time attempt a fight to pass their own bill rather than to dismember the President's proposals. Congressman Bow has fashioned an amazing document that would virtually compel the President to impose higher tariffs against any competing foreign goods produced by cheaper labor. That covers just about everything.

For all these reasons, friends of the administration's proposal are dubious about its chances this year. However, they want the fight to be made. If Congress passes and the President vetoes an unacceptable bill, they argue, the heated debate will help educate a largely apathetic electorate and build up pressures for Kennedy's plan in the next Congress. Nothing is lost by a year's delay on these terms, they contend, because no negotiations can take place with Europe until after the British entry is settled, probably in late 1963.

There is still another force at work whose strength is unknown—the radical Right. These simplistic patriots with their suspicion of all things foreign, their romantic yearnings for a rural, Anglo-Saxon America walled off from the world by two oceans, could be a bulwark for the protectionists.

Legalized Cartels?

The toppling of trade barriers could produce some unsuspected results. The first response of many businessmen may be an effort to gain government approval for what in effect are legalized cartels with their opposite numbers in Europe, parceling out shares of the market and minimizing the risks of competitive prices. The aluminum companies have already openly suggested such a scheme, and last spring an important group of businessmen was urging the government to take a more relaxed view of

the anti-trust law's application to overseas operations.

In Europe, standard propaganda holds that integrating economies has revitalized competition. However, more sophisticated observers believe that protectionist French businessmen accepted the rigors of lower tariffs when they learned that their opposite numbers in Germany were as amenable to "orderly" markets as themselves.

Then too, freer trade, like its analogue, convertible currencies, inevitably means the U.S. will have to surrender some control over its own fiscal, social, and monetary policies. The spectacle of Germany's Economic Affairs Minister Ludwig Erhard vetoing a proposed rise in the U. S. minimum wage may sound farfetched. But anyone who has watched the Kennedy administration temper its social objectives according to its view of the balance-of-payments problem will not find this notion so outlandish.

As Europe's productivity rises to close the gap with the United States, our costs and prices can't stray far from those on the Continent. The Kennedy decision to embark on a sweeping new trade program would establish a degree of economic interdependence in the West with implications that are still obscure.

WHETHER Kennedy makes his move this year or next—and the Congressional obstacles have led some of his advisers to urge a delay—make it he certainly will. The foreign-policy requirements alone are compelling. There is also a good chance that the move could help the administration deal with two other problems, the balance of payments and the lagging rate of economic growth. The administration is convinced that lower trade barriers will increase the U.S. trade surplus and so offset the vexing deficit in other categories of the nation's international accounts. Moreover, the White House (like 10 Downing Street, where Macmillan made the same argument for Britain's entry into the Common Market) believes that a sluggish domestic economy will be forced to a faster pace when exposed to the competing imports on the one hand and to rapidly expanding Continental markets on the other.

SENATOR DOUGLAS REPORTS ON BERLIN

The day Congress adjourned I left for Western Europe, where I spent most of my time in Germany and Berlin. Because of the continuing crisis in Berlin, I thought it might be helpful to report on some of the things I did and saw and some of the opinions I reached as a result of my stay there.

Why should we be prepared to risk everything over Berlin? Apart from the fact that the Berlin and West German governments are now, in my opinion, democratic ones, and apart from the fact that Hitler and the Nazis were guilty of inconceivable crimes against humanity, the reason Berlin must be defended is that it is the place where there is a confrontation between the East and the West. I remember people saying during the Second World War, Why are we fighting for some unknown island in the Pacific? The answer was that that was simply where the conflict was taking place. If Berlin fell, West Germany would disintegrate, NATO would fall apart, and the whole of Europe would soon be overrun by the Communists. If this were to happen, I am sure that at some stage we too would have to go to war or else surrender, and since we must avoid both, it is essential that we insist upon our rights in Berlin.

What must we do to keep Berlin free? While I was there I was asked to make a radio speech to the German people and in it I outlined five things which we must not give in on and which are non-negotiable.

First of all, we must not withdraw our troops from Berlin. Personally, I believe that Berlin can stay free only if our troops remain there, and I do not believe that U.N. control could provide for the safety of the city.

Second, we must not give up our rights of access to Berlin, which the Russians agreed to on numerous occasions and which rights we have under various treaty agreements.

Third, we must insist upon the right of access by Autobahn, barge, and rail for goods from West Germany into Berlin, and from Berlin to West Germany. This West German-West Berlin trade accounts for ninety-five per cent of the trade of West Berlin, and if it were cut off the city would shrivel and die.

Fourth, we must keep intact the ties between the money, the trade, and economies of West Berlin and West Germany and the western world.

Finally, we must never agree to any fugitive-slave law under which we would return any escapees to the Communists.

In addition to these five things, on which we cannot give in, we must also insist upon our rights of access into East Berlin. Under the agreements we have

with the Russians, Berlin is a city quite separate from the Soviet Zone of Germany. In fact, at the end of the Second World War, our troops had advanced to the Elbe River, where we waited to meet the Soviet Army. Almost a year before the armies joined up there in May of 1945, we had entered into an agreement with the Soviets that Germany was to be divided into three zones—the British, the American, and the Russian Zones—but that Berlin was to be occupied and controlled jointly by the three Allies (later the French were added).

At the time the agreement about the division of Germany was signed, namely in September of 1944, our troops were still a long way from the Rhine. We felt that we probably could not get beyond the Rhine because the Rhine Valley is an area where there are high hills on both sides of the river and which is easily defended. We nonetheless were able to secure western Allied control over a part of Germany that in some places ran almost two hundred miles east of the Rhine. At that time, everyone agreed that we got a very good bargain.

Because of our great fortune in getting across the Rhine at the Remagen bridge, our Army was able to press on halfway into what was later the Soviet Zone and across the Elbe. At the end of the war we agreed with the Russians, by a letter from President Truman to Premier Stalin, that we would pull back to our zone, which had previously been agreed to, while at the same time our troops would go into Berlin to occupy it as a four-power city separate from the Soviet Zone. This was the agreement and the *quid pro quo*.

Thus, we have a right in East Berlin. If the Russians insist on trying to make East Berlin a part of the Soviet Zone, we should insist that those areas of the Soviet Zone that our armies overran—such as Thuringia and Saxony—should revert to us. The Soviets, of course, would not agree to that, and we, of course, should not give up our access rights to East Berlin.

In order to reach a fair settlement over Berlin—and such a settlement must include the absolute guarantee of the real freedom of the city—we should not only defend our rights in Berlin as the Communists attempt to nibble them away, but we should also “press” against them. We should probe and needle and press so that they will be confronted from time to time with the question of reacting to us.

If they stop us at the Friedrichstrasse from going into East Berlin, it would seem to me that we would not only have to insist on that access, but perhaps also punch a hole in the wall somewhere else in order to assert our rights.

If they delay or try to cut off the flow of traffic on the Autobahn or on the railroad or canals into West Berlin, we should find ways—and there are numerous ways—to push against them. Perhaps we should punch one hole in the wall for each unnecessary delay.

The Soviets still exercise some of their rights in West Berlin. For example, each day the Soviets send in troops to guard Spandau Prison in West Berlin. A Soviet officer still sits as one member of the Air Safety Committee of Tempelhof Airfield in West Berlin. Soviet troops come into West Berlin each day to guard the Soviet War Memorial. West Berlin still buys coal from Poland. About nine per cent of the trade of East Germany is from West Germany. Thus, there are numerous ways—including insistence on our access rights into East Berlin, cutting off trade, and probing them—which we can use to assure that our rights in Berlin are maintained.

We can reach an honorable settlement over Berlin and Germany only if our rights are secure when we enter into negotiations. And if we are to reach an honorable settlement, it is necessary that we make demands on the Communists and not merely negotiate over their demands on us.

We should demand, as a step to negotiations, that the wall be torn down.

We should call for free elections in East Germany and in Eastern Europe.

We should press for the ultimate reunification of West Germany and the Soviet Zone under a peace treaty.

The Communists are bullies. The Soviets have the East Germans doing their dirty work for them in Berlin. Ultimately one must deal with a bully by standing up to him. Failure to do so means that eventually he will run over us. Because the Russians are very good at getting other people to do their dirty work, it is my judgment that there are many ways in which we can press against the East Germans, who are the Russian agents, without bringing on a war, and which may indeed be absolutely essential if war is to be prevented. Just as the failure of the West to react to Hitler when he re-armed the Rhineland, when the Munich Agreement was signed, and when he took Czechoslovakia did not prevent a war, so any failure of the West to stand up to these bullies will not ensure peace but will instead inevitably lead to war or surrender.

In my judgment, we can prevent war or surrender and attain a peaceful settlement only by insisting on our rights now. This is what President Kennedy and the administration are doing and in this I believe all Americans regardless of party should support them.



How to Be an American Abroad —And Get Away with It

MEG GREENFIELD

You have a distinct feeling that something is wrong. Have you done anything recently to displease the supervisor? . . . Is there something about the culture that you don't know? Have you violated some custom? Have you been personally insulting?

—Manual prepared for the Peace Corps

"NAGGING DOUBTS," they are called in television commercials. For some time now, it has been apparent that Americans going abroad are—or at least ought to be—plagued by them. Ever since the State Department started tucking reminders to behave ourselves into our travel documents and the Vice-President was stoned in Latin America while the rest of us at home were reading *The Ugly American*, it has been clear that Americans overseas are giving unintentional offense. To remedy this situation for travelers who want to be more than half-safe, a variety of government and private agencies have tried to provide some helpful hints. "Do . . . speak appreciatively of their culture," we are urged: "Don't . . . compare them unfavorably with the U.S.A."

Since the idea of speaking at any length at all while abroad is a comparatively new one, it is hardly sur-

prising that most of us are at a loss about what we should say. Only yesterday, after all, we were assured that a few key phrases in the local language—"I have nothing to declare," "I don't understand," "Help!"—would do.

Now, all that has changed. "People," one new pamphlet explains, ". . . are a chief part of a country's attraction. If you take the opportunity to meet and talk with them, you'll find that they're likely to be even more interesting than public monuments." It's a fine idea, of course, but people are also notoriously difficult to cope with, especially the kind we are encouraged to meet. For make no mistake, while each of us abroad is to be an "ambassador," a "diplomat," and a "spokesman" from now on, our mission is not to the Court of St. James's.

The imperative is clear and the risks are great. "A single foolish

action," *Life* warned the American tourist a few years back, could damage this country "incalculably." No wonder that the traveling American, advised to meet the people yet knowing that a false move here, a wrong word there, can result in any manner of unpleasantness, from a nasty scene with the wine steward to the loss of an entire subcontinent, has been provided with professional advice. Gradually a special literature of pamphlets, handbooks, and seminar reports has developed to meet his need. Training courses have been endowed to instruct him in the best ways of making himself agreeable to his hosts. "All over the U.S. last week," *Time* exulted in 1959, "the 'Ugly American' was being transformed into the 'Articulate American.'"

Businessmen, in particular, were reported to have seen the light. "There is," as the author of an essay entitled *Dungaree and Grey Flannel Diplomacy* has put it, "an increasing awareness of the need to 'tear down the fences' between the American company and the local populace"—hopefully, before the local populace tears down the American company. According to a study called *The Overseas Americans*, some businesses were even hiring outside consultants to brief their employees on "the social anthropology-cultural empathy-human relations angle" of overseas activities. It is an angle which the authors of the same book happily reported to be under consideration all over America at the time, except in the U.S. Army. In Army manuals, the book despaired, "the search for cultural empathy is rendered simply as 'consideration for others.'"

LOOK at the military literature available on the subject certainly does reveal some old-fashioned tendencies. Concessions are not made, for example, to the ingestion of exotic native dishes ("Don't take chances"). Friendships are to be formed on the basis of mutual liking rather than as an arm of foreign policy ("You'll find these people good company. . . . Make friends with them. You won't regret it"). And the possibility of an American abroad being more sinned against than sinning has yet to be entirely discounted ("A word of caution

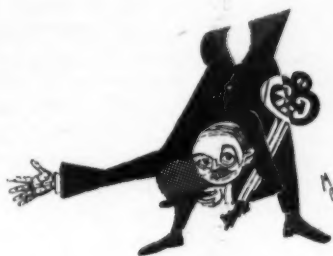
about buying oriental rugs . . ."). What is most striking, though, is the hit-or-miss quality of it all. Outside the services, in contrast, the responsibility for the guidance of Americans abroad has gradually become a science—a trend which might have been foreseen when a study described as *The Art of Overseasmanship* sought to isolate something called the "X-factor" for American travelers—the factor of success. With science, of course, have come precision and system. While some of the simpler lay guides had been fairly specific, even furnishing instant answers for Americans who had the misfortune to be asked political questions while abroad ("Does the U.S. intend to help liberate the Soviet satellites? That depends on what you mean by 'help' . . ."), much continued to be left to the traveler's own instinct and imagination.

Now, however, and perhaps in the nick of time, a definitive, scientific study called *Working Effectively Overseas* has appeared, along with a companion volume called *Instructional Situations*. Prepared for the use of Peace Corps volunteers by the American Institute of Research, these books handily sum up recent American thinking on the subject and could prove as useful to the tourist as to the Peace Corps volunteer. Under the direction of sociologist Harley Preston and experimental psychologist Paul Spector, a team of researchers has managed in some four hundred pages to deal thoroughly with every overseas predicament the reader can imagine—and with many he cannot. In a way, the culminating point in the art-science of overseasmanship has been reached in this study.

The Price of Good Will

In *Working Effectively Overseas*, anyone familiar with the literature for overseas Americans will immediately recognize advances on several major fronts. Take the matter of health. At one extreme there are the precautions of the armed forces' handbooks. Midway, studies such as *The Overseas Americans*, while commiserating with the ailing traveler, manage to suggest that "... the health problem is often less a matter of medicine than of psychology—with overtones of nationalism." It has remained for

the present study, however, to take the final step, from "It's your fault" to "It's your problem." For while major health hazards are to be avoided, we are advised that in conflicts between contaminated food and an offended host "It may be worth making the sacrifice of a day



or so of diarrhetic discomfort in order to gain good will . . ."

Even more remarkable than the breakthrough in ideas is the refinement of the science itself. The first part of *Working Effectively Overseas* formulates some general principles on the basis of anecdotes offered by Americans who have lived abroad ("The foreigner should make himself accessible to indigenous persons so that further interaction can take place"). The second part permits the reader to test himself on how well he is doing. Previous studies, to be sure, have employed such methods as a Louis Harris and Associates test for "cultural empathy" with resultant ratings of "High," "Medium High," and so on, but so carefully has the science now been worked out that hypothetical problems may be solved and actually graded on handy answer sheets at the back of the book. One may earn up to five points on a scale ranging from "Ineffective" to "Outstanding" in such subjects as "Demonstrating Interest in Persons," "Cultivating Chance Contacts with Indigenous Persons," and "Using Appropriate Motivational Techniques."

THE FORMAT of *Working Effectively Overseas* is simple and straightforward. First the "Problem-situation" is given. Next, "Your Role" is indicated, followed by "Other's Role," which predicts the way the people you have antagonized (gen-

erally you have antagonized someone) will react to the way you react. Then you are on your own. For example, the PCV (Peace Corps Volunteer) is traveling with a biochemist, an assistant, and a boy—all indigenous—when the assistant starts to shout at the boy as if he were a servant. The PCV says, "Here, I'll get you the water, leave the boy alone—he's had a harder day than we have." As a result of his remark, "The assistant and the biochemist look very displeased." That, in case you weren't sure, is the problem.

In this case the PCV's role is to "react" to the displeasure he has caused. Fortunately, the biochemist and the assistant "will accept apologies." But, if the PCV "says anything additionally offending, they will withdraw." "Possible Behaviors" are then indicated, which are divided into "a) Effective" and "b) Ineffective." Effective behavior in this case includes 1) apologizing immediately for "thoughtlessness in interfering with local practice" and 2) explaining "that few people in the United States have servants; that he is inexperienced in dealing with such situations; and he hopes they will help him learn to behave more appropriately." There follows a discussion of the "Relevance of Behavior Requirements" and finally a section on "Cultural Variations."

Confessions of Failure

Those who may question the necessity for such a detailed handbook would do well to glance through the confessions of failure and ineptitude that pervade the real-life anecdotes in *Working Effectively Overseas* and ponder what harm the uninstructed American has been doing our image abroad. "I took a picture of a native open-air soup kitchen," one man confesses, "and the proprietor appeared and threw hot soup on me . . . there should have been common courtesy on my part in introducing myself to the proprietor and asking permission to take the picture." "I had been assigned a hut in the midst of the settlement," another writes. "The natives wandered in and out of this hut and would settle down for hours at a time just to stare at me, without talking. I allowed myself to become irritated." "I kidded

a sheikh," another admits; "... the sheikh reproached me."

There are, of course, also some cases of persons who took appropriate and effective action even before the present volumes were available for guidance, but it is by no means sure that they were finally able to solve their problems completely. Consider the American who knew exactly what to do when the indigenous director of agriculture drove the jeep in which they were traveling into the sand and was unable to drive it out. Even though the American could have maneuvered the jeep out of difficulty, he made no attempt to do so, but prepared instead "to spend the night in the bush." "The Director did not lose face," he reports, "and we had a chance to become better acquainted." Without benefit of the handbook, however, even this man probably did not know (and still may not) that there were ways to get out of the bush. For although the authors explicitly state that it would be inappropriate and insulting for an American in a similar situation to imply that he could drive the car free, they do permit him to hike to the nearest village and try to prevail upon the local townspeople to come back and help him *pull* the car from the sand.

It will be obvious by now that the task of getting along abroad is not for the impulsive or the untutored, and those who hope to make do with what common sense they have may be the most dangerous of all. It is not enough for the American to act kindly, the book informs us. He must always ask himself, "Does this *show* that I have this person's interests in mind?" And no matter how well motivated he may be, if an act fails to win a friend its motive "is of less importance than its interpretation as ineffective behavior." Effective behavior, on the other hand, pays off ("The man's gratitude was heartwarming, and the story got into the press"), and may even be based on half-truths ("It established the opinion that I was interested in the indigenous people and their culture"). Effective behavior as set forth in the book is what must always be foremost in the American mind. "The stench is overwhelming. There are flies and

mosquitoes and a mangy dog . . . food sits on the ground covered with insects and eating implements are obviously filthy. Only the woman of the house is there. She has a festering infection on her face. . . . Your Role: . . . it is important that you make a good impression."

'Merciful Limits'

The most obvious way to make a good impression, as everybody knows, is to adapt to the physical requirements of the particular culture at hand. The cultural effect of eating other people's cooking—King George and the hot dog, Governor Rockefeller and the blintz—has long been understood, and the current study adds little to the pioneer thinking already done in this field. The American abroad, however, may find himself presented with some pretty unpalatable concoctions, and *Working Effectively Overseas* does suggest some guidelines for dealing with such situations. Under no circumstances should the American try, as one lady did, to stuff the food through cracks in the floor ("I was observed"). If worse comes to worst, the PCV may say that in our country fishheads are reserved for the ladies (if he is a man) or for the gentlemen, (if the PCV is a woman). This would be a low trick if an



American of the opposite sex happened to be present, but the possibility isn't mentioned.

Adapting to another culture may cost the traveler a good deal more than nausea. "The American should adopt indigenous social forms and conventions when appropriate," we are informed, and customs, it turns out, can be just as difficult as fishheads to dispose of. Sometimes, it is true, they can be fun—"The

moments I enjoyed the most were those spent squatting down on my haunches Indian style"—but more often they raise prickly psychological and moral questions. It's one thing to learn about a culture, or even to *seem* to appreciate it—steps that most handbooks, including those of the Army, suggest we take. But it's quite another thing to get mixed up personally in native ways, as the more advanced texts would have us do. For one thing, native ways are different. "Fairness," for example, "is a function of each society's values." Accordingly, "It may be fair to chop off a hand for stealing in one place." Function or not, it's the sort of thing that could get a person down after a while, and though *Working Effectively Overseas*, like the studies that preceded it, throws in the towel when it comes to completely redoing the traveler's personality for his trip, it reminds him that he himself "will tend to judge others' behavior from his own cultural point of view."

There are, however, certain merciful limits. It is not necessary, for example, to permit a laborer to be beaten to death with a pole in your presence; nor in polygamous countries need one accede to the indigenous suggestion that he take on a few concubines. In the latter case the American would do well to be ready with an "appropriate reason" for his refusal, since no good can come of compounding one rudeness with another.

'Motivating Whom?'

Americans who may think that being diarrhetic and deferential at the same time is beyond their capacity to please will be assured that their efforts are well worth it. For it is a basic premise of the new science that the foreign hosts on whom the American guest chooses to work his charms will respond in a highly predictable manner. For better or for worse, the outcome of any given act will rarely vary much from what the student has been taught to expect. "If the PCV takes over, the VA [Village Agent] will withdraw." If the PCV takes another tack, "the VA will be very flattered and will agree." Which VA? The indigenous VA—any old indigenous VA.

There are, in fact, not a few com-

forts in store for the student who takes his instruction seriously. The indigenous persons he deals with are not only highly predictable but pretty much interchangeable as well. His occasional physical agonies, if endured for appropriate reasons, are more or less guaranteed to produce the desired good will. What is more, it is clearly understood that the many forms of public deference to be learned are to be taken seriously only up to a point: the friendly attitudes they engender will "serve as general motivators that either reduce the need for specific motivation or make it easier to employ motivational techniques . . ."

THE authors' contention is that "One cannot avoid the requirement to motivate if one is to take a realistic view of the complexity of human affairs." But even accepting the complexity-of-human-affairs theory, one is likely to be somewhat bewildered by all the motivation going on. More often than not, in fact, it tends to get completely out of hand. Take the case of the indigenous English teacher who complains about the lack of teaching materials and who thinks the students are not doing well in English. The PCV (hypothetical), characteristically more concerned about his relationship to the teacher than he is about what the teacher is actually saying, finds another splendid opportunity to do a good deed indigenouswise. "Here is a chance to do something positive about these complaints," he is told. "Therefore it would be appropriate to give a neutral to positive assessment of the students' English in order to help the instructor with his own motivational problem." He must let the English teacher feel he has achieved good results with the students because "recognition of achievement is usually effective as a motivator." On the other hand, he is cautioned, in some cultures it is really rotten form to talk about individual achievements. But even if he gets his cultures straight, the reader wonders, what is the PCV supposed to achieve? Toward what is he motivating whom? Is the students' English good, or is it bad?

We will never know. Questions of this kind are not answered in *Working Effectively Overseas*. And

the truth is that after the first two or three hundred pages, even the PCV's best friend no longer knows what on earth he—and we—are being taught to achieve.

How, for example, explain the activities of the eager young man in Series A who surprises an indigenous boy looking into boxes of equipment and books that have been arriving. ("There have been some recent thefts.") His role is to find out what's going on, which he does by taking an interest in the boy, discovering that he has taken correspondence courses in radio and sewing-machine repair, and deciding that the boy should be hired to work in the lab. In the next problem, we find the PCV having to motivate the indigenous biochemist into taking the boy although he had planned to hire someone else. After that the PCV has to go out and motivate the boy's father, who also doesn't want him to have the job. The next problem is that the boy becomes overly ambitious and decides he wants to go to college. Since college is a very remote possibility for him, as is high school for that matter, the PCV consoles him by tutoring him at night. Although it probably won't work out, the American is satisfied, since "In making some additional personal effort on behalf of the boy, the PCV will be demonstrating his sincere interest in the community and its members. He may be able to make new local friends among those who perceive this additional effort as an index of his sincerity." And even if he fails to receive public credit, his efforts "may give the PCV a feeling of accomplishment and personal satisfaction." Frankly, it is difficult to see what the PCV has to be so satisfied about. He raised the boy's hopes too high, put one over on the biochemist as well as the boy's father, and what is more failed to solve the mystery of the missing equipment.

It might be mentioned here that a certain amount of other property disappears in the course of this handbook. Sometimes it may be chalked up to cultural variations. ("Personal property is respected almost everywhere. The variation usually comes in the definition of what is and is not personal property.") But it is likely that more often things disappear because the hypothetical

overseas American is so bogged down, what with motivating, praising, pleasing, worrying, and making sure it all shows, that he simply doesn't have time to pay attention to what's going on.

THERE IS NO relief from nagging doubts. We are, it seems, right back where we started. Why is it, the reader worries, that candy offered indigenous persons on page 37 wins their favor, while candy offered others on page 62 provokes a hostile riot? How can it be effective to turn down a gift of pottery on page 65 by asking where one can buy some like it, whereas doing the same thing on page 119 of the supplement is dismissed as ineffective? How specific should instructions to indigenous persons be? Very specific, we are told on page 175, and yet what of the woman who on page 58 admits that overspecific instructions given the cook made her "sullen and uncooperative" and "permanently damaged our working relationship"? Tentatively, warily, and all the while with a grin, the popular American must make his way. And can he ever be really sure? Does the science work?

Certainly the triumphs recorded in the handbook so far have been of a limited nature. The surly, sensitive, and hopelessly practical natives are still capable of impulsive counterattack against the American's loving-kindness. There are the Egyptians who, when they discover that the slides they are to be shown are not of "sexy girls," riot and break the volunteer's equipment. There is the crafty old Village Leader who offers the volunteer a house and some servants he doesn't want; after appropriate musings on local cultural habits the volunteer accepts them, only to discover that if he is not to support the servants' entire families he must reach a separate bargain with—of all people—the Village Leader.

FAIRNESS, which may require chopping off a hand in some cultures, surely requires in ours that the other fellow get an even break. But maybe the fellow most in need of a break is the overseas American, and he may get it if, after having duly read these books, he puts them aside and relies on his common sense.

Mr. Reischauer

And the Broken Dialogue

ROBERT KARR McCABE

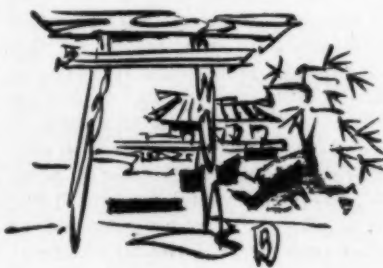
TOKYO IS COLD, wet, and gray these autumn days. But the warmth with which the Japanese greeted the new American ambassador last spring still persists. When Edwin Oldfather Reischauer, born here in 1910, fluent in Japanese, and married to the daughter of an old and respected Tokyo family, arrived last April, the enthusiasm of the Japanese was so great that some editorial writers felt it necessary to point out that he was returning not as the Harvard scholar who understood and liked the Japanese, but rather as the ambassador of the United States of America, responsible for carrying out policy made in Washington. The warning was fair enough, but after seven months it is apparent that Reischauer has been accepted both as the ambassador and the Harvard scholar. His ability to act effectively in both roles has enabled him to direct his efforts toward mending what he considers a dangerous state of affairs, the "broken dialogue" between Japanese and Americans.

Reischauer's concern with this rupture was made clear before he became ambassador in an article written for *Foreign Affairs* (October, 1960). Discussing the riots of May-June, 1960, over the mutual security pact with the United States, the later mobbing of Press Secretary James Hagerty's car at Haneda Airport, and the consequent cancellation of President Eisenhower's visit, he reported that "Japanese intellectuals appear frustrated over their inability to explain their attitude to American friends." Never since the end of the war, he wrote, "has the gap in understanding between Americans and Japanese been wider than over this incident."

Reischauer saw the demonstrations as the sign of a "huge discontent" within Japanese society. A feeling of alienation and loss of control over the course of modern Japan was

felt most keenly among intellectuals and university students, whom Reischauer called "the would-be ideological pathfinders and the generation to which the future Japan belongs." Most of these unhappy Japanese intellectuals, it must be noted, are Marxists, although they tend to be more of the classical than the activist variety. Since the 1920's, Marxism has had a powerful attraction among educated Japanese. And because the Marxists were almost the only group that stood up to the militarists in the 1930's, the idea grew that they were the chief enemies of fascism and totalitarianism. Except for the protest riots of 1960, they have been largely ineffective in postwar years. On the whole, the intellectuals seem to regard themselves as critics of the existing order rather than as active participants in the shaping of public opinion. Their thinking is so far removed from that of their more aggressive counterparts in the West that sometimes no real dialogue is possible between them. "We can say the fault lies with the Japanese intellectuals for being so unrealistic," Reischauer wrote in *Foreign Affairs*, "but the fault also lies with us for failing to understand what is in their minds."

THE NEW AMBASSADOR arrived in Japan last spring with a clear path. Most Japanese were ashamed of the gigantic protest riots of the previous year. They were ready to make amends, and Reischauer was the ideal man to make them to.



Professor Kenichi Nakaya, writing in the *Japan Times* in late March, said "the immediate assignment is how to expand mutual understanding. . . . Reischauer's appointment was a highly appropriate choice."

Soon after his arrival, the ambassador began to circulate, both in public and privately. He made a habit of dropping in at parties in the homes of junior officers, to get acquainted with both his own staff members and their Japanese friends. He reopened the swimming pool to almost all embassy employees, including the Japanese. (It had been reserved for personal use by his predecessor, Douglas MacArthur II.) Much more important, he began a series of informal meetings with intellectuals, including members of the editorial boards of the five most influential magazines.

Reischauer has also met informally with labor leaders, notably the head of Sohyo, Japan's largest union federation. The students, however, are his major objective. On his mid-October tour of western Japan, his three most successful speeches were to students. "I try to use a historical approach in my speeches to them," he explains, "and to get as close as possible to a political speech without making one. It seems to be working out well." All Asians revere scholars; this particular professor has become both respected and popular in Japan.

A Tradition of Democracy

The Nakayama dialogue, published by the left-of-center intellectual magazine *Chuo Koron* in August, is an excellent example of Reischauer's method. The dialogue (a favorite technique of Japanese magazines) matched Reischauer in informal debate with Professor Ichiro Nakayama, a well-known political economist and a member of the moderate Left. They discussed various points of difference for an hour or so, and the resulting transcript was published. Reischauer, as usual, used an interpreter, though his Japanese is excellent, thus saving his opponent any loss of face—and also giving himself extra time to think.

In this dialogue, Reischauer bore down hard on the two points he stresses constantly. First, he disagrees thoroughly with the notion that Japan's democracy is a new phenom-

enon, imposed at the time of the surrender in 1945 and without any real foundation in Japanese history. Second, he disagrees just as strongly with the intellectuals in their belief that socialism is the way to progress, that a private-enterprise system is bound to fail.

The Reischauer doctrine says, in brief, that Japanese democracy dates from 1868, the time of the Meiji Restoration. In the years since then and until 1941, when the Pacific war began, democracy put down such strong roots that even the militarists failed to destroy it, and the economic, social, and political reforms after 1945 served only to accelerate its growth. The 1868-1941 period, he told Professor Nakayama, was a "classical democratic experience; that is, the experience of new groups becoming conscious of the problems of political leadership and demanding a share in it." The first of these groups was the Samurai, excluded by the new government, who used the press to demand and get a share in the governing process. Next were the rich peasants, who paid the bulk of the taxes. They were followed by village leaders and small taxpayers. As protests rose, the government was forced to make small democratic experiments that grew eventually into the establishment of the Diet. The government hoped to limit these changes, but again, "quite classically, the Diet, once established, seizes more power." The growth of democracy in Japan, compressed into seventy-odd years, is typical of what Europe experienced over several centuries, Reischauer pointed out.

A major factor in this rapid change-over from feudalism to modern democracy, according to the ambassador, was the balanced relationship between the government and private enterprise. Communist China, he said, is trying to achieve modernization by complete totalitarian control, and is having far less success than the Japanese. "What Japan did that Communist China is failing to do is that it made a very good balance between government leadership and private initiative. . . the government created sound money, banking institutions . . . it did the things that only government could do. . . the real economic success of Japan and the real political success in the sense

of democracy was private initiative, not government leadership. Government did what government could do, but it allowed individual people to do what they could do." And, continuing the parallel with China, he said the latter is "making the mistake of doing only the government things and allowing no private initiative. And it is in great trouble."

These two points, repeated steadily, are intended to stimulate a reconsideration by Japanese of Japan's role in the world of today. By stressing the role played by private enterprise in the growth of democracy, Reischauer strives to offer an alternative point of view to the economic determinism that is the accepted intellectual interpretation of Japanese history.

REISCHAUER's only brush with controversy thus far occurred in late September. Dr. Kaoru Yasui, chairman of Gensuikyo (Japan Council Against Atomic and Hydrogen Bombs), called on the ambassador to protest American resumption of atomic weapons testing. He brought with him a questionnaire-letter to President Kennedy, which he asked Reischauer to forward. After their

meeting, Yasui released the letter to the press and made statements that Reischauer considered a falsification of the conversation that had taken place. The ambassador flatly refused to forward the letter to Washington, saying that it was "a serious misrepresentation of the fairness and intelligence of the Japanese people to send to the President a series of such obviously biased questions." Gensuikyo is considered a Communist-front organization, and the reaction of the Tokyo press was warmly pro-Reischauer. But concern over the resumption of atomic tests is genuine, and the recent American decision to consider atmospheric tests may cause trouble in Japan.

This, of course, suggests that Reischauer's popularity in Japan depends upon a number of factors beyond his own control. He cannot walk down a street without attracting well-wishers. He is accepted by the Japanese as one of their own. But Reischauer has made it emphatically clear to the Japanese that his job in Japan is not that of a popular professor but that of ambassador from the United States of America. And everyone agrees that he is doing that job very well.

A Country Called Malaysia

BRUCE GRANT

SINGAPORE
FROM western capitals, Southeast Asia must sometimes appear as it was recently pictured on the cover of an American magazine: a vulnerable valley open to a Red flood from the north. However when you live here and listen to Muslim leaders, you often feel that it is Islam and not Communism that is destined to expand.

This is the setting for a development which could make an immense difference to the politics of Southeast Asia. In May, Prime Minister Tengku Abdul Rahman of Malaya projected an idea that has since reached, with astonishing speed, a point of negotiation between the governments concerned and the British. The idea is "Malaysia."

It is a complicated idea, but its in-

tention is simple: a union of sovereign Malaya; Singapore, self-governing but with defense and foreign policy in British hands; Sarawak and Sabah, British colonies; and Brunei, a British protectorate.

Figures tell a part of the story. Malaya is about 51,000 square miles in area and has roughly seven million people. Singapore has a population of 1,600,000 in 224 square miles. The three other territories, all in northern Borneo, are Sarawak, 47,000 square miles, population 700,000; Brunei, 2,226 square miles, population 84,000; Sabah (better known as North Borneo), 30,000 square miles, population 455,000. They would make up a nation of ten million in 130,000 square miles, an area bigger than North and South Vietnam together. It would have the highest

living standard in Southeast Asia, the highest rate of literacy, the hardest currency, and the most efficient services, including the world's fifth largest port. More significant to political map readers, it would form a crescent 1,600 miles across the South China Sea, linking Thailand with the Philippines.

UNDER the fifty-nine-year-old Abdul Rahman, a popular Malay prince who has led his country since independence in 1957, Malaya has developed an independent view of the world. It refuses to join SEATO, not because it adheres to the philosophy of neutralism but because it believes its anti-Communism can best be served by economic and political rather than military means. It is not interested in financial aid, preferring to bargain hard for better terms of trade. It favors regional alliances among small, weak countries rather than long-range links with powerful western countries. It supports the United Nations with troops in the Congo, helped to force South Africa out of the Commonwealth, and has insistently raised the issue of Tibet in the U.N. General Assembly. It recognizes neither Peking nor Taipei and says it will refrain from recognizing either until it can acknowledge both. In domestic affairs, its government is strongly anti-Communist (the Communist Party, after a bitter decade of terrorism, is illegal), and welcomes private foreign investments.

It is clear that in the proposed Federation of Malaysia (as it is now officially called, after early enthusiasms for "Greater Malaysia" and "Happy Malaysia"), Malaya would be the dominant influence. The kind of policies Abdul Rahman's régime has followed would continue—assuming that this government continues—and embrace the whole area. Some local autonomy would be reserved, but defense, foreign affairs, and security would pass to Kuala Lumpur. This prospect has created some suspicion of Malaysia as a form of Malayan colonialism, but the idea has also been applauded in all the territories and in London. The most serious problems concern two groups whose interests are in direct opposition—the Communists and the British.

The Communists, who work underground in trade unions, schools, and cultural and youth organizations, fear with good reason that if Malaya takes over security they will find themselves in jail. Singapore is the key to their fears. Lee Kuan Yew, a thirty-nine-year-old Chinese who has been prime minister since self-government, has broken with the Communists after two years of co-operation. He is out to expose them, but he rejects the anti-Communist label on the ground that, as a progressive Socialist, he must dissociate himself from the supporters of Chiang Kai-shek. He prefers to face the Communists in argument, in long radio discussions, press conferences and public debates.

Southeast Asia's Israel?

But Malaya, free and nationalistic, clamps down hard on Communism, which it views as a form of Chinese imperialism and a threat to a peaceful, Malay-oriented way of life. In Singapore, which is seventy-five per cent Chinese, the government has tried hard to foster a Malayan outlook in preparation for merger, but Chinese chauvinism is deeply ingrained, especially in the older generation. Malaya's ponderous sultanates and Islamic rituals are regarded with a certain disdain by the rational, commercial Chinese of Singapore. Lee's belief is that the island state has no future on its own and that if it is given independence it will become a left-wing Chinese enclave in a Malayan environment—"the Israel of Southeast Asia," as he once put it.

When, eventually, Tengku Abdul Rahman became impressed with the danger of an isolated Singapore, he voiced his approval of the merger. Malaysia would scramble all the eggs in one basket. It satisfies Singaporeans agitating for anti-colonialist action against the British, pleases others like Lee Kuan Yew who consider themselves Malayan nationalists, and revives for the British an old dream of uniting the three Borneo territories. Britain has been working at this for years. The snag is Brunei, rich in oil and proud with racial memories, which does not want to "merge" with undeveloped Sarawak and Sabah. But the Tengku's plan pleases the Sultan of Brunei, who would become eligible for election

as head of state. (At present the nine Malay sultans elect one of themselves every five years.)

Britain has two main difficulties with Malaysia. One is that it cannot, as a matter of principle affecting its universal policy of self-determination for its colonies, simply hand over Sarawak and Sabah to Malaya. It must first bring them to independence, or at least to self-government. Until local government elections are held next year, there is no way of knowing what the inexperienced political parties of the regions want or what the public will be prepared to give them.

The second problem is the SEATO base at Singapore. It is Britain's biggest military base in the Far East. But Malaya has made it clear that if it gains sovereignty of the base—as it insists it must—the base cannot be used for SEATO purposes without Malayan approval.

Malaya argues that the long-term political stability of the area is more important than the need for a SEATO base. Officials also say, privately, that Malaya can be trusted to be "reasonable" about SEATO in a real crisis. Britain is examining the attractions of mobile fire-brigade troops airlifted to danger spots. There has been press speculation in Australia that a SEATO base could be established there, gradually replacing Singapore. At the same time, the issue of the Singapore base arises at a moment when SEATO is under fire from its Asian members, Thailand and the Philippines, for proving ineffective to meet the Communist threat in Indo-China. Britain may not feel that this is the time to give an impression of withdrawal. And Lee Kuan Yew, knowing that twenty per cent of Singapore's economy depends on the military base, has said he does not want a "sudden" abandonment.

So the good cards are not all in one hand. The general feeling seems to be that in one form or another Malaysia will be launched by mid-1963, when Singapore's constitution comes up for revision, but not without some hard bargaining. It remains to be seen whether the Communists, with the support either of the Indonesian Communist Party or Peking and Hanoi, will make an open move to prevent it.



Will Indonesia Become a Second Cuba?

DENIS WARNER

FEW WHO WATCHED Khrushchev's courtship of Indonesia in February, 1960, thought the match would amount to much. He sat glumly through hours of Indonesian dancing, sneered at the superb handicraft of the Javanese silversmiths, and failed to respond even to the beauty of Bali. When he offered a billion dollars in economic credits, Indonesia settled for a modest \$250 million. And that, the western chancelleries thought, was likely to be pretty much the end of the story.

This assessment of the situation quickly proved false. During the months since Khrushchev left Indonesia, Soviet economic aid has become a dramatic and dynamic reality. Military aid has alarmed the Dutch, clinging tenaciously to West New Guinea, and the Australians, who have been urging them to stay there. It may yet do much more than that. Russian jet bombers of a type hitherto unseen outside the Soviet bloc, a heavy cruiser, long-range jet fighters, ground-to-air missiles, and a whole range of other highly sophisticated weapons are streaming in. The balance of power in South East Asia is changing overnight.

The appointment of Nikolai Mi-

khailov, former minister for culture in the Soviet Union, as ambassador to Indonesia was the first real sign that the Russians meant business. Mikhailov dug out three general agreements on economic credits and a fourth under which the Soviet Union had promised the gift of a two-hundred-bed hospital for Djakarta, and went to work.

The Aid Race

All projects contemplated under the four Russo-Indonesian economic agreements, and involving an expenditure of about \$400 million, will have passed the drawing-board stage by the end of the year. In most, the preliminary work on the ground has already begun. Construction is under way, for instance, on a network of 410 miles of roadway in Borneo. All heavy earth-moving and construction equipment has been delivered, and about a hundred technicians are on the spot.

Plans for an iron and steel plant with a capacity of a hundred thousand tons to be built at Merak in West Java have been turned over to the Indonesians. The site has been prepared. Living quarters, roads, and essential services are now being installed. The chief engineer

has arrived from the Soviet Union and construction will begin in January.

Blueprints have been delivered for a superphosphate factory with a capacity of a hundred thousand tons a year to be built in Central Java. Preliminary work has begun on the site of industrial fisheries and ship-building facilities at the University of Oceanography at Ambon in East Indonesia. Russian specialists have started to survey the site for a complete metallurgical plant in Borneo with an initial capacity of 250,000 tons of steel a year. Others are in the field in North Sumatra surveying the site of hydroelectric stations with a capacity of 127,000 kilowatts. Transmission lines will carry the power over a hundred miles of jungle from the Asahan River to a factory that will have an annual production of 70,000 tons of alumina, 18,000 tons of aluminum, and 12,000 tons of rolled aluminum sheets. Like the metallurgical plant, this will be an all-phases undertaking complete from the mining of the ore to the production of the finished article.

Work is due to begin immediately at Jogjakarta in Central Java on an assembly for peaceful uses of atomic energy. Plans for a research reactor, which will be built outside Djakarta next year, are being prepared in Moscow, where Indonesian specialists are now being trained.

One of two 22,000-acre sites has been chosen in Borneo for mechanized rice production; equipment, including two hundred tractors and combines, will arrive there before the end of the year, along with engineers and agricultural scientists.

INCLUDING Public Law 480 sales of surplus agricultural products, which totaled \$174.7 million between 1954 and 1961, the United States is still indisputably ahead of the Soviet Union in terms of the volume of economic assistance to Indonesia. Total American aid from 1946 to 1961 runs to \$583.5 million, and Russian credits during the same period to some \$440 million. In impact, however, the Soviet Union is a long way ahead. U.S. assistance has been spread over more than a decade and only once, in 1956, passed the \$100-million mark

in any one year. Nearly a third has been in food. And since everything that has been attempted on special projects through the Development Loan Fund totals only \$11.6 million, there is nothing spectacular to show for it.

Soviet aid began seriously only with the Khrushchev visit. So far, it has provided nobody with a square meal, but all of it is intended to be spectacular. Though in fact it is only a cheap form of installment buying that is liable to keep

The Dutch unwittingly set off this arms-buying spree. Concerned by some modest Indonesian purchases both in the West and in the Soviet bloc, they decided to send some air and marine reinforcements to West New Guinea and to use the aircraft carrier *Karel Doorman* to ferry their obsolescent Second World War British carrier fighter planes. President Sukarno reacted violently. West New Guinea now became a "colonial sword poised over Indonesia. It points at our heart, but it

izations sympathetically inclined toward the West. Here was the justification for the dissolution of the Masjumi (moderate Muslim) and Socialist Parties. The basic enemies of the revolution were imperialism and colonialism. Everyone who was not for the system was against it and everyone who was against it was, *ipso facto*, an enemy of the state. Rotary, Masonry, the Rosicrucians, Moral Re-Armament, and the Divine Life Movement were all outlawed; the Boy Scouts had to cease paying respect to their founder, that arch-imperialist Lord Robert Baden-Powell, to substitute a coconut palm for the fleur-de-lis in their insignia, and to call themselves Pioneers.

Since the revolution had to be led by revolutionary forces, the Communists were, of course, in. This was a foregone conclusion. Speaking at the sixth national congress of the party in 1959, Sukarno had said: "The P.K.I. [Communist Party of Indonesia] has firmly pointed out the indispensable need of national unity. . . . All revolutionary forces will become a mighty wave that will completely destroy our chief enemy, which is political imperialism and economic imperialism."

Mecca and Belgrade

The Four Freedoms were preserved with subtle Orwellian changes. According to Manipol and Usdek (Manipol is short for Political Manifesto and Usdek its principal points, which every ambitious young civil servant must know by rote), "The essence of freedom [is] to undertake constructive and social activities, to increase the happiness of the individual and the happiness of society: it rejects absolutely the freedom to speak and to utter opinions which have neither aim nor morality." Here was blanket authority in the name of "freedom" to suppress every aspect of civic liberty. Liberal, Socialist, and anti-Communist newspapers were closed down one after the other. A newspaper that wanted to keep its license did not criticize the Communists. The irreconcilable had to be reconciled, differences eliminated. Nasakom, or the united forces of nationalists, Muslim groups, and Communists, became the new flag under which



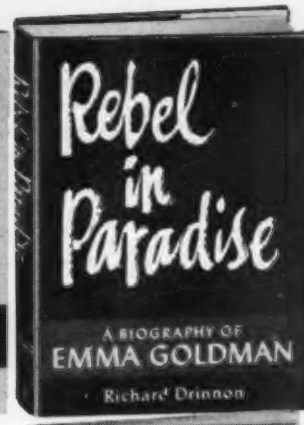
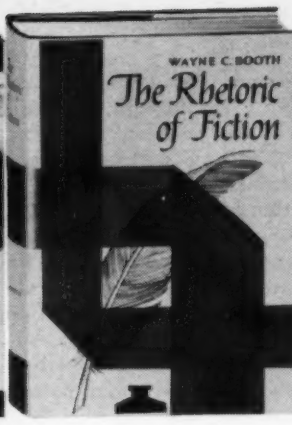
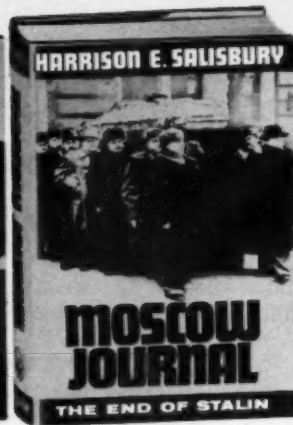
Indonesia permanently in hock, the steel mills, aluminum factory, atomic reactor, and the sports stadium to be built for President Sukarno's much-touted 1962 Asian Games will all be worn proudly by Indonesia as emblems of progress. It is true that the Russians have been needled over their part in the Asian Games project. Materials for a roof of a stadium failed to arrive on schedule. So the Indonesians built a substitute roof and circulated a spate of stories about Russian and Communist Bloc inefficiency. Machinery from East Germany, for example, was designed to handle beets, not Indonesian cane. Steel plows from Czechoslovakia collapsed in the heavy earth of Borneo. And there were accusations that the Russians were selling inferior materials.

The Call to Arms

But these setbacks notwithstanding, Communist efforts have been considerable. Add the military buildup already mentioned, and the whole underdeveloped world, as President Sukarno sees it, will expect Indonesia "to assume the leadership in the struggle against imperialism."

also threatens world peace." General Abdul Haris Nasution, defense minister and chief of staff, who had been using the National Front for the Liberation of West Irian as a means of keeping the Communists under control rather than for the organization of an assault on New Guinea, was ordered to postpone a visit to Australia and set off immediately for the Soviet Union. His instructions were to buy enough arms not merely to establish military superiority over the Dutch in West New Guinea but to make Indonesia more powerful militarily than Holland itself. Since military strength depends not only on cruisers and aircraft carriers in the show window but on highly skilled technical forces, Indonesia may still be a long way from its goal. It is taking all the necessary steps to catch up, however. Sixteen hundred Indonesian Air Force technicians are training in India, while undisclosed numbers have gone to the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia.

The Soviet economic and military aid programs coincided with a marked hardening of official feeling in Indonesia against all western institutions and all Indonesian organ-



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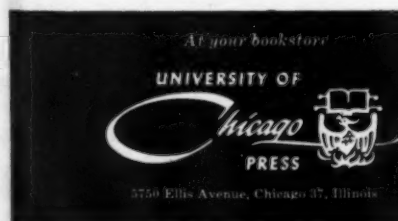
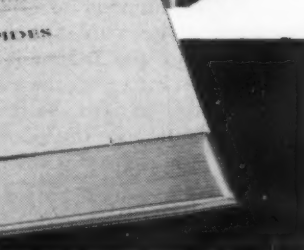
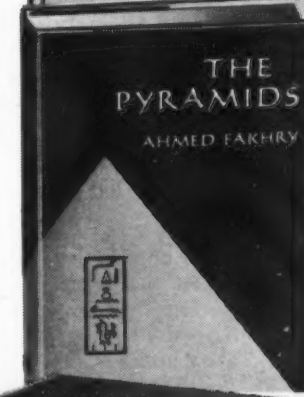
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Sukarno's ship of state was meant to sail.

The National Front, which the President set up to replace Nasution's outspokenly anti-Communist National Front for the Liberation of West Irian, was based on the Yugoslav National Front. In fact, in many fields Yugoslavia became a favored model. Moslems continued to go to Mecca for their pilgrimage, but economic pilgrims went to Belgrade. "Yugoslavia is the country we should learn from," Sukarno declared. A special mission was sent there to make notes on the economy. Today the standard Indonesian work in economics is a stenciled book on Yugoslavia written by the dean of the economic faculty at the University of Indonesia: Western economists have all become villains.

Education is in the hands of a former chairman of the World Peace Council and a Stalin Prize winner, Dr. Prijono. The minister for higher education is Dr. Iwa Kusumasumantri, who once taught history in Moscow, and the permanent head of the Education Department is an active Communist.

The cultural-affairs section of the Soviet Embassy buzzes with activity. It bombards universities with offers to import Russian professors and it sprinkles every department with invitations to students to go to Moscow. Tass maintains its own radio station and distributes its service in English free to residents of the Duta Indonesian hotel in Djakarta. *Harian Rakjat*, the Communist Party newspaper, gets its newsprint from the Russians.

Bupes, the Bureau of Soviet Information in Djakarta, is staffed by fluent Indonesian-speaking Russians. The bureau distributes a locally printed illustrated magazine, *Negara Soviet*. Its circulation of 100,000 is higher than any Indonesian magazine's and is still growing.

But Will It Work?

All in all, the Kremlin might seem not only to have chosen wisely in selecting Indonesia to create its showpiece in Asia (which is the way Dr. Subandrio, the Indonesian foreign minister, interprets the aid program), but to be well on the way toward making it the Cuba of Southeast Asia. There is no reason

to doubt that a Communist breakthrough in Indonesia, the largest, richest, and most populous of all Southeast Asian states, would be a tremendous victory for the Kremlin. The far from stable areas to the north—Singapore, Thailand, Cambodia, Burma, South Vietnam, and what is left of Laos—would be caught in the Communist nutcracker. Australia and New Zealand would be isolated.

Without in any way minimizing the Communist threat, it is agreeable to be able to report that Moscow must often have the gravest doubts about its investment. "The poor Russians!" said Sutan Sjahrir, whose Socialist Party, like the other nonrevolutionary organizations, has been officially dissolved. "They could spend fifty per cent of their national income for ten years in Indonesia and still not be sure of the result."

Nothing is quite as it is supposed to be in guided democracy, guided economy, and socialism à la Indonesia. As Sukarno pictures it, Indonesian society is one great family linked together through the National Front and Nasakom, with Bung Karno himself marching along at the head. That is the image. But Indonesia isn't really like this. The Indonesians are too tolerant, too liberal, and in their own way too stubborn to be marshaled easily into totalitarianism. Action and reaction have been opposite and not far from equal. Even Dr. Iwa Kusumasumantri's own university and the president's favorite, the State University of Padjadjaran at Bandung, is not really mass-producing leftist students. In other universities students are inclined to treat Manipol and Usdek as a joke, an attitude that never fails to irritate the president, who blames "reactionary" faculty members for the failure of Indonesian youth to respond to the revolution.

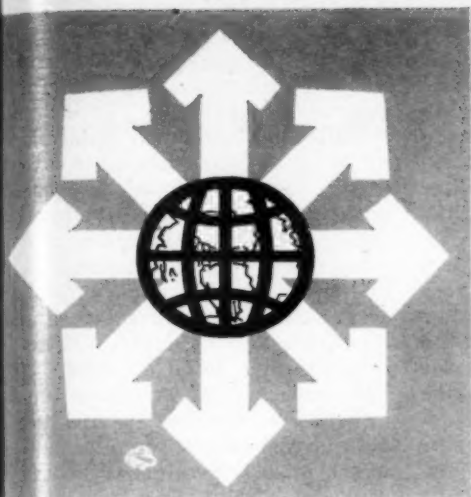
Dr. Mahammad Hatta, at fifty-eight Indonesia's elder statesman, makes no secret of his view that the President's policies have been disastrous. Banned political parties have no names, but they don't regard themselves as being out of business. Socialism à la Indonesia is neither socialism nor Communism. The planners have spent months and years putting together an Eight-

Year Plan that envisages spending between \$5 billion and \$8 billion on the basis of an annual foreign-exchange earnings capacity of \$600 million to \$700 million. Tin dredges have fallen into disrepair at a time of rising world prices. Neighboring Malaya has soared ahead of Indonesia as the world's principal rubber exporter and is attracting most of the foreign private investment that Indonesia needs but does not want. Sukarno talks and travels; but the Indonesia he conjures up when he steps out of his chartered Pan-American 707 in the world's capitals, or when he returns to Djakarta after squandering another few million dollars of his country's dwindling reserves of foreign exchange, is an illusion.

All Is Forgiven

Under Nasution, the army is not merely non-Communist, a description applied to it in the past, but genuinely anti-Communist. In Central Java, where towns, villages, and even army battalions are under Communist control or influence, Colonel Pramoto Reksosamudro, the Central Java commander, has been replaced and sent on a training course to the United States "to learn that there are two sides to every question."

At the same time, the army has been greatly strengthened by the "return to the fold," the current cliché used to describe the surrender of the leaders of the 1958 revolt. The three colonels, who brought with them tens of thousands of their followers, were greeted enthusiastically and emotionally by their old army comrades. Only in Northern Celebes had the fighting been really tough, but this, it seemed, made the reconciliation sweeter. After fighting Nasution one day, Colonel Kawilarang, who had led the rebels in Northern Celebes, on the next day accepted his orders to restore and rehabilitate Northern Celebes. Only in Indonesia could a civil war have been settled on such agreeable terms. With South Sumatra, South Celebes, and South Borneo under anti-Communist military control, and the rebels now making common cause with Nasution, the position of the Indonesian Communist Party is not nearly as satisfactory as



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Secretary-General Aidit and other leaders would like, especially since the Russian weapons are going, in most cases, to strongly anti-Communist forces.

Some Communist factions believe they have lost the leadership of the revolution and that the party's favored position under Sukarno will prove its undoing. They want a rural uprising based on their strongholds in Central Java. Though the likelihood of such a revolt in the near future is probably remote, the possibility is nevertheless a cause of concern to some Indonesians who fear that the army's anti-Communism is inspired more by venality than by ideology. They feel that if it came to armed struggle the army might win more enemies than friends. This apprehension is not based on the activities of the top army leadership, which has generally proved better than most Indonesians expected; but it does apply to many in the middle and lower ranks who, when the opportunity has presented itself, have not been noticeably less corrupt than the discredited politicians.

With the general improvement in internal security, the army's opportunity provided by martial law to counteract Communist village activity is also likely to be withdrawn fairly soon. The army now claims, however, that it is responsible for the defense of every part of Indonesian territory and is planning to keep its eye on every village. Unfortunately, as experience has proved in Laos and South Vietnam, the presence of troops is not always sure to produce an anti-Communist result.

The Old New Guinea Issue

Another danger, with the threat of acute international embarrassment for the West in general, is that the Russians may succeed in their efforts to persuade the Indonesians to mount a military offensive against the Dutch in West New Guinea, which, Djakarta claims, should have been handed over with the rest of the former Netherlands East Indies in 1949. Both Aidit and Khrushchev have urged Sukarno to act; Chen Yi, the Chinese foreign minister, has offered similar advice and assistance, if need be. If other efforts to secure New Guinea fail, there now seems

little doubt that the Indonesians will put their new military equipment to the test.

Earlier assurances that Indonesia would not use force are said to have been nullified by Dutch intransigence. While the army seems pleased enough with its infiltrations and other efforts to lay the foundations in New Guinea of a popular revolt against the Dutch, others, including those closest to President Sukarno, regard them as much too slow.

A message from President Kennedy reached President Sukarno just as he arrived in Moscow on his most recent world tour. It was written with the advance knowledge that Khrushchev would put strong pressure on Sukarno to launch an assault and it urged him to preserve the peace. This was well received by the Indonesians, already pleased by Sukarno's reception in Washington. They interpret Mr. Kennedy's courteous efforts as signifying a change in what had been regarded as the American policy of "neutrality in favor of the Dutch."

Washington's concern is only to see a settlement of the problem. But in the Indonesian view this can be nothing less than the transfer of sovereignty to Indonesia. This accounted for the strong Indonesian resistance to the Dutch resolution on self-determination in the General Assembly. Even the moderates are pleased with the chance of being beastly to the Dutch.

WESTERN EMBASSIES in Djakarta are much less concerned with what may happen in any fighting over West New Guinea than they are with the consequences that may flow from it. Russia and China, it is taken for granted, would jump on the band wagon. Some of Holland's stigma of colonialism would inevitably rub off on its NATO allies. Extremist pressures to throw out the remnant western interests in Indonesia would predictably increase, and the West's position generally in the underdeveloped world would suffer a body blow. In short, if it comes to war over New Guinea, it is heads the Communists win and tails the West loses. Indonesia is still far from becoming another Cuba, but West New Guinea could provide a short cut.

THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 45

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

- 1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
- 2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
- 3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person; the acrostician.

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1	2	B	3	4	C	5	6	I	7		9	10	K	11	F	12	A	13	14	E	15							
16	A			18	C				20	A		22	A			24	C				28	D			30	G		
31		32	C	33					35	K		37		38	K	39		40	A	41	G	42		43	44	I	45	
46	J			48		49	A	50			52	J			54	E				57	J					60	K	
61	G			63	D			65		66	C	67		68	G	69		70	A	71		72		73	B	74	J	75
76	K			78	H			80	B						84	A			86	A							90	E
91		92	A	93		94	F	95		96	J			98	G	99		100	K	101		102	A	103		104	B	105
					108	F		110	F			112	A			114	F			116	H		118	F				
121		122	I	123		124	C	125		126	B	127		128	D			130	B	131		132	C	133		134	J	135
136	C							140	H		142	I							146	D		148	D				150	C
151		152	K	153	D	154		155		156	A	157		158	E	159		160	F	161				163	A		165	D
166	I				169	I				172	K			174	I			176		177	F	178					180	A
181		182	G	183		184		185	K	186	F	187		188	J	189			191	J				193		194	E	195
196	G			198	K						202	F			204	B			206	E			208	K			210	H
211		212	F	213		214	J	215	A	216	K	217				219		220	A	221		222	B	223		224	C	225

A 12 49 163 102 220 84 20 70 180 112

22 16 92 156 40 86 215

Way out of a dilemma invented by P.G. Wodehouse (9,8)

B 222 73 2 104 80 126 130 204
A right of exploitation of petroleum (3,5)

C 150 224 18 32 4 132 66 24 124 136
Having a radially symmetrical arrangement of organs in six groups.

D 28 128 165 153 63 148 146
A tumor formed of nervous tissue.

E 90 14 194 54 158 206
Poem by Byron, 1813 (with "The").

F 177 11 202 108 110 114 186 160 118 94 212
What a sentimentalist may attach to something. (6,5)

G 41 61 30 98 196 68 182
Time or rocks comprising the latter half of the Tertiary period.

H 116 78 140 210
To protect from interruption or intrusion.

I 169 166 122 44 6 174 142
King of France, 1547-59. (5,2)

J 191 96 134 46 214 52 74 57 188
Setting of part of "The Hound of the Baskervilles." (5,4)

K 76 152 60 35 172 10 208 216 100 38
198 185
This is placed on sleepers. (8,4)

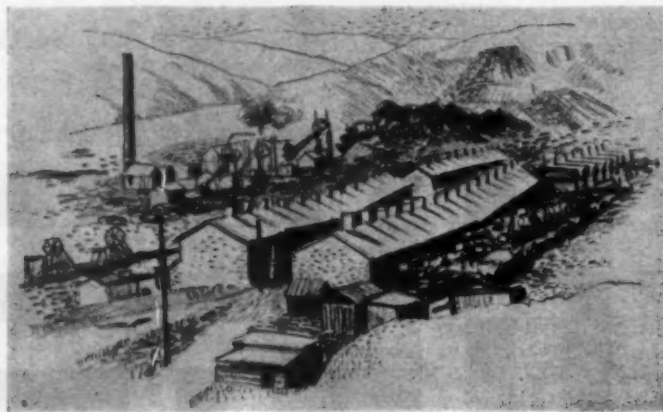
ACROSS

1. Let the claim be for a distilling apparatus.
9. Jon takes a penny or a nickel to combine.
31. Opening page up? It's pointless.
37. Mother remains and pretends to be ill.
48. Wandering ground for the lowing herd in the pleasant pasture.
65. Was Sidney (Saint) Carton in this business?
91. Sew us true, doctor!
98. A boat of caramel with five, not a thousand.
121. An adult dunce is wavy without the nation's capital.
130. Shepherds without the philosopher form the lines of a vessel.
151. Independent ex-haberdasher? (5,6)
176. A weapon for hunting the gnu?
181. Spinning types of 176 across.
193. Whale in standard surroundings. (Slang)
211. Ended? P.S. It hangs down.
219. Marxist embraces a fish! He hasn't had a change of spirit, as we hear, but just got his shoes fixed.

DOWN

1. Slag? Er, I say, a place well known to the Acrostician.
3. Ten eloped, it appears. Were they made use of?
5. Unpunctual ally gets a rib, but on two sides.
7. Pause, for a thousand romanced? No, darn it!
9. Take a loss in coal? It's huge.
13. A unit in exponents.
15. Sing song? Gee, no! Projections.
42. Engendered gout? Not you!
71. An oath angers the civil servant, for you can put pants on them, too. (4,7)
103. Should the eel lament, it's basic.
112. Rest, Sire! You'll find good mixers here.
121. Led into the Poe House.
135. Avoided the sister about in the shed.
154. A Greek letter (bread and butter) leads to finer hospitality.
159. Mister, I'se a Molière hero.
183. Is Vergil Patch a government bigwig? (Abbr.)

VIEWS & REVIEWS



A Bit of Hiraeth

DEREK MORGAN

SOUTH WALES, for those who came by road, lay at the bottom of a steep hill and over a small stream where the knights of nearby Camelot may once have paused to drink but which, as I remember it, flowed by the gasworks and chimneys of the Cardiff suburb of Rhumney. There was nothing to mark the border. People who came to the coalfield presumably did not need to be told where they were, and if you had strayed here by accident the best thing to do was stop at once and get clear instructions about how to get safely back to Cheltenham Spa for the night. There were good hotels there. And no one in his senses ever came among the Welsh by choice.

They are a mean-spirited people, deeply distrusted by the English, who rarely invite them to dinner. They are tolerated in London as milkmen or schoolteachers, and of course their countrymen send some of them to Parliament, where they sit, close-eyed and treacherous, upon the Opposition benches, watching malevolently the business of Empire and ridden with pangs of *hiraeth*—a sort of maudlin longing to be home. Unfortunately, they never do go home but stay on, inflicting their

sentimental maunderings on their hosts—out of place everywhere.

The Saxon invaders long ago, amidst a profusion of Celtic peoples, easily singled out this unhappy breed from their warlike cousins to the north and their loquacious kin across the Irish Sea and bluntly called them *Wealh* (alien), drove them into the wilderness of the western peninsula, and refused to have anything more to do with them. The Normans, who disagreed with the Saxons about most things, agreed with them about the Welsh, and built a line of forts along the Marches to make sure they could not escape into the world of chivalry and learning to disturb the nobly blending rhythms of the Norman-Saxon tongue with their disastrous polysyllables. And so for centuries the Welsh remained, inbreeding in their foggy hills, singing eerie anthems in the minor keys, and grew more alien as the generations passed. It seems they didn't even like themselves very much, for there are very few of them.

If you persisted in continuing into Cardiff, you found that it was built on a river called the Taff—an ugly thing that seemed always to be at low tide, when it consisted of a

squalid trickle moving disreputably through wide expanses of gray and greasy mud. From this despairing ooze, the Welsh derived their nickname: Taffy (who was, of course, a thief).

To the north of Cardiff lay the valleys, cut sharp between the dark hills—some of which turned out not to be hills at all but ancient heaps of slag with scrubby little patches of grass growing out of their black old slopes. And though the hills were not very high, just above them were clouds of drizzling fog, impregnated with coal dust, steeling loads of the rheumatics and lung disease among the wretched little valley towns, which were strung almost continuously along the bottoms of the valleys and linked with endless lines of coal trucks. It was a place not fit for even Welshmen to live, and no place at all to bring children into. Though we who were born there didn't know that and so made the best of it all.

EVERY THREE YEARS OR SO we would have a few days of summer. But summer or no, on August Bank Holiday everyone in the valleys would come to Barry Island, where there was sand and ice cream, which the children ate in equal parts—along with chocolate and pickled eels, licorice and shrimps, aniseed balls and damson jam and Barry Island Rock.

If the sun was out, we sat, a quarter million strong, with jam sandwiches and thermoses of tea, upon the beach—a tide of toddlers with our best-dressed mums and sweating dads (the legs of their trousers and long underwear rolled up in abandoned adoration of the sun, and their waistcoats unbuttoned to display the reddening throats that would keep them awake and groaning through the night and come out in blisters tomorrow, when they would rub themselves with Vaseline and go off to the pits, a greasy-necked throng, to curse softly in the cool coal dark).

But usually there was no danger from the sun, and as the rain poured down we huddled (a quarter million strong, with jam sandwiches and thermoses of tea) in the doorways of the ice-cream shops or, for convenience, near the conveniences, whose walls were covered with imprecations upon Stanley Baldwin: children with their spades and buckets and sopping

PHILOSOPHY AND MYTH IN KARL MARX

by Robert C. Tucker

In 1932, some early manuscripts, written by Marx in 1844, were published for the first time in the West. As political theorists examined these documents, they were astonished to discover a new kind of Marxism. Later Marxist works speak of the conflicts of a divided society, but the original Marxism is in terms of a divided self. The *Communist Manifesto* and *Das Kapital* picture a society split into two: Capital and Labor, the greedy and the enslaved. But the manuscripts of 1844 show an alienated man split in himself: Jekyll and Hyde, creative man enslaved by his insatiate greed.

PHILOSOPHY AND MYTH IN KARL MARX by Robert C. Tucker

explores both versions of Marxism. Dr Tucker discovers that the doctrine of the split personality has much to do with the doctrine of the split society; that these are, in fact, no less than inseparable.

As Tucker writes, it becomes apparent why Marx was not the scientist of society he claimed to be. His underlying concern was, to the last, the problem of self-estrangement. Projecting man's inner conflicts onto the world, he tried to resolve them in economic theory. He conceived an inevitable process of history which would lead to a classless world. In the utopia of a unified society, Marx sought to find a unified self.

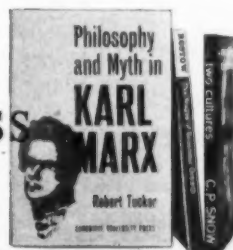
This searching reassessment of Marxist doctrine is as comprehensive as it is absorbing. Tucker traces the first form of Marxism to its origins in the revolution of religion" of Hegel and Feuerbach. Then, step by step, he reveals how the thought of the young Karl Marx became the economic theory of his later work; became, in effect, the "religion of revolution" which is Marxism.

Robert Tucker is an authority on both the theory and practice of Communism. He served for eight years at the United States Embassy in Moscow, and, subsequently, as a Russian specialist for the Rand Corporation in Washington, D.C. Dr Tucker is now Professor of Government at Indiana University, and he has written many articles on Communist thought and politics.

*The face
is all but unknown.
Yet this man's mind
has captured half the globe.
It is the young Karl Marx,
as yet unversed in economics;
it is his world-view
which inspires
all of Marxism.*



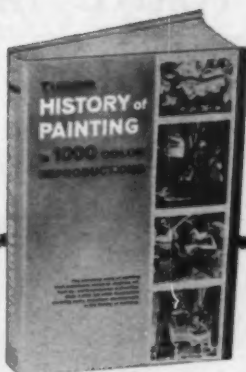
In 1959, the Cambridge University Press published *The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution* by C. P. Snow. Over 35,000 copies have been sold in the United States alone. In 1960, Cambridge published *The Stages of Economic Growth* by W. W. Rostow; over 60,000 copies have been sold. Snow's "two cultures" and Rostow's "take-off" have already passed into the language, and the books have influenced — are still influencing — thought and action throughout the world.



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little Welsh flags; mums militant, struggling with wet jam sandwiches, tempers tightening as the hours went by and the wailing of ten thousand toddlers rose above the baleful sibilance of the rain, with now and then a shriller yell as a shining wet balloon floated free at last above the scene. The dads stared thoughtfully ahead, saying nothing.

BUT LIFE was not all holidays and we had some good times too. The road to school was full of friends to meet and stones to throw and horses to smell, the chatter of the pitwheels and Mrs. Solva Thomas singing *Traviata* as she picked radishes in her yard, the night shift coming through the streets, fed up and filthy, slabs of laver bread and wheelks and pigs' feet, a clang and a clash from the blacksmith's shop ("Festering hell, watch my bloody fingers!"), mums on their hands and knees scrubbing at their stoops, shining brass doorknobs — a whistling and a singing and shirts on the line. And through it all, carbolic-clean and full of porridge, we made our nose-picking way.

"School bell's stopped—we'll have to run like drains!" And we ducked through the cemetery, dodging grave-stones, leaping merrily over the dull departed, scrambling into the schoolroom just in time to be marked present, and then marched breathlessly into the hall to sing, pure and pink and puffing, "*Coronwch! Coronwch!*" — "Crown Him Lord of All!"

School was all to do with the "scholarship" examination, which was in English and arithmetic, and which we all sat when we were eleven years old. Those who came out in the top quarter could go on to the grammar school and perhaps later to the university at Cardiff to become schoolteachers themselves; for the rest, it was hanging around doing odd jobs for the teachers or playing truant until they were fourteen, and then the pits.

Mr. Rotten Hopkins, our teacher, was at pains to impress us with the gravity of it all. "Wales and the Labour Party," said Rotten Hopkins, who was not a man to prevaricate, "need educated men. Stanley Baldwin won't live forever, praise God, and when the time comes we must be ready to replace him and his kind

with decent men of our own." Time and its trickeries were a favorite theme with Rotten Hopkins. "Time and tide wait for no man," he would inform us at intervals during the day as he passed among us slapping his thigh with his cane, and although our ten years' experience was to the contrary, we began to think he may be right. Certainly our eleventh birthdays did seem to be getting closer. And so we worked patriotically away at sums and grammar, with growing trepidation as the slapping of the cane became more and more impatient and the day approached when, choc-a-bloc with parts of speech and stiff with fright, we would stumble blindly through the five hours of examination that would decide our lives, while the mums paced outside the schoolroom, their faces as stark as if they had been at the pithead with the disaster hooter blowing.

SCHOOL LASTED until four o'clock, and then there were two hours before tea and they were all our own! On a hill outside the village there was a ring of cromlech stones and we would climb up there to play. One of the stones had Stanley Baldwin's face drawn on it in chalk and we used that one instead of cricket stumps to bowl at, or threw rocks at it for bets of marbles and toffee. When we were tired of that, we rifled our innocent hours away chalking dirty words among the intertwined hearts that were carved on the stones' undersides, each with its ancient date of plighted love: "Gryf-fyth Evans loves Sian Lewis, 1919" — and he did too, and Four-Eyes Evans was here to prove it.

The stones were also used for dares—climb the headstone, jump off the capstone, and sometimes someone would take a dare to go up there at night alone. It was the loneliest walk a boy ever took. Along Dyfed Street, its brass doorknobs alight with reflected night flames, past the Bump Hotel, that stood in a beery haze of song and laughter, and Tynewydd Chapel, with the sound of the men's choir practicing for the amateur operatics; and then to climb out of the village, past the Band of Hope Rugby field, through the cemetery—up to the stones.

And as he climbed, the human sounds of the village were lost in the

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gigantic clamor of the night. Hooters blew and steel shrieked until it seemed that there was nothing left of the world but flame and smoke and the brainless grunting of machines. He climbed in simple terror past howling caves where once the witches lived and boulders that had been thrown where they lay, men said, by demons in the armies of the warring princes.

And then he came to the stones. Suddenly the terror was gone and the world was Wales again. For here were Stanley Baldwin and the dent in the mud where Four-Eyes Evans hit his head jumping off the capstone with his hands tied. And here were the vows of lovers made long ago, before we were even born. And of course the stones themselves, for they were old friends. Old, old stones, that knew my people's ways and talk three thousand years ago. Old stones that stand mute and measureless to strangers but know me well. Here my people came to pray and here the hectic trumpets sang with dreams of kindred stars. And here I prayed too, and dreamt amid the Pleiades. Time moved among the houses far below, the hooters screamed on Dowlais Top.

EVEN God must have been bored with Wales on Sunday. Regularly at ten on Saturday night, when the revels in the Bump Hotel had ended, the village settled into a siege of glum righteousness that lasted until we dared to breathe again on Monday. It was the dads' day off, and we went to chapel in the morning, ate our Sunday dinner, and then shut up.

Chapel, in fact, was the bright spot of the day. The Reverend William Williams was a good Socialist, and in his sermons devoted himself as much to Wales and Whitehall as to heaven and hell. He lived in the next valley and Sunday officially began when he came striding down the mountain with his copy of the *Sunday Pictorial* under his arm. And he sang as he came:

*"Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer
We'll keep the Red Flag flying here . . ."*

(He had the worst voice in Wales but his heart was in the right place.)

You could hear him coming half a mile away. He'd interrupt the song to greet his flock:

"Morning, Mrs. Bronwen Rees, how's your husband's bunions? . . . Hello, Dai Price—did you read about Duff Cooper? Ought to be hung by his cloven hoofs from Admiralty Arch. . . ."

*Then raise the scarlet standard high,
Within its shade we'll live or—*

Owen Owens! First time I've seen you sober since Ash Wednesday."

The children would all stick their heads through the windows to say "Good morning, Reverend Williams" (first time we'd been allowed to speak today so far) and to receive pats on the head (he didn't interrupt the song for us).

And so he made his unmelodious way through the Sunday morning streets, and as the scarlet standard faded in the distance, he left behind a wake of hatpin adjusting and gulping of second cups of tea and children being yelled for through toilet doors as we hurried to follow in our spiritual leader's footsteps to Tynewydd Baptist Chapel on the hill.

He would be waiting for us there with his Bible and his *Sunday Pictorial*, and as the service proceeded he would read impartially from both. The Bible seethed with scorn for Downing Street, and it was difficult not to cheer as he rang through the roll call of our enemies, documenting his derision with boiling gospels and hot-blooded hymns. Growls of enthusiasm and encouragement would echo through the dark rafters and wobble the chalices on the altar.

Then we went home to lamb and dumplings, and after that stared moodily at pictures in the fire as dads and mums and dogs and cats slept loudly through the silent afternoon.

AS IT TURNED OUT, Rotten Hopkins was right after all, and time didn't wait long for us or for Stanley Baldwin either. And years later, when Mr. Chamberlain was showing the old school flag at Munich and we were seventeen, we joined the men on Saturday nights in the singing room of the Bump Hotel. The public

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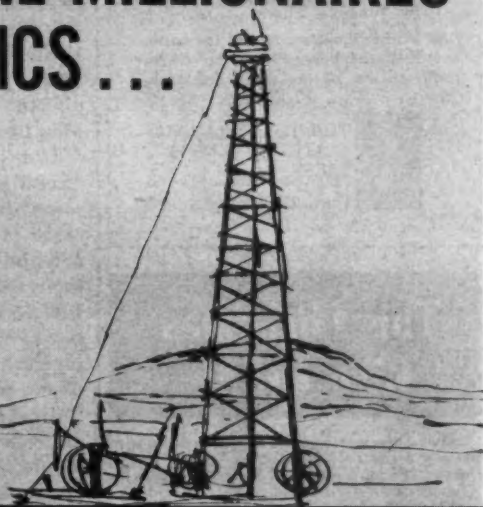
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bar was for dreary talk and the ladies' bar was better than weeping for a husband dead of lung disease, but the singing room was for beer and song—and no women allowed to spoil the harmonies. Except Miss Blodwen, of course.

"A half a pint of mild, Miss Blodwen, please," we said, bold as brass. And hiding a smile, she pulled the pump and plunked them down, just as if we had been eighteen.

The evening began at six o'clock, and it was lucky that we didn't like the taste of beer, for there were four hours to go. At first there would be no singing—an hour or so of playing darts with Four-Eyes Evans and pretending to be grown up—some talk of thighs and things and Plato and the chapel choir and poor Mrs. Reverend Williams who had lost her false teeth down the lavatory being sick on two sherris at the Socialist Ladies Guild. And then Iolo Edwards would go over to the piano and begin to strum. "Another half pint, Miss Blodwen, if you please."

It began with "Rose Marie" or "Let Me Call You Sweetheart"—good songs to warm up with, and no disgrace to break off and talk to your neighbor about the goal Johnny Williams scored against New Zealand in 1905. Some would not sing at all, but save their voices and try drinking rum and Guinness upside down. There was no point in starting anything serious until Gog Thomas came, and his wife never let him out before nine o'clock. Nine o'clock was an emotional time in the singing room. Time for two more pints perhaps, and then home to face the old woman, with nothing ahead but a dry Welsh Sunday, when the only way to get a glass of beer was to go on one of the excursion busses to England, where in any case there were no singing rooms and a man had to stand and drink with a lot of farmers who voted Conservative.

As the beer settled and the ashtrays filled, we began to feel our blood, and by the time Gog Thomas came in, we were ready. "A pint this time, Miss Blodwen." A sucking of pumps and a banging of glasses and a sound of swallowing and moving of chairs, and we were off: the big rolling hymns that we sang at Rugby matches—"Cwm Rhondda" and the rest. Put-Put Jenkins led the tenors,

Gog Thomas led the bass, and the bottles and the glasses on the table thrummed.

If you were a bass (we were short of basses), you would wait until the harmony line was strong before you took a swallow of your beer and then, when you were back in voice, another bass would have a drink of his. It was a thing you knew instinctively. But as each song rose to a climax, there was no drinking at all and every man would put his glass on the table before him and sing full-throated, prickling with the harmonies that we made.

As closing time came near, our voices grew and filled, and when the call for last orders went out there would be a decent pause for filling up and clearing throats and putting out your cigarettes. And then we would stand.

Iolo Edwards would take a deep drink and wipe his face, and there would be silence. Then he would strike the chord and we would begin—softly at first—"Mae Hen Wlad fy Nhadau"—"Land of My Fathers." Our eyes would smart a bit and our chests would be out like peacocks and the song would grow. It was sooty streets and princes in our past; it was Johnny Williams' goal against New Zealand; it was savage dreams on cromlech hill; it was gentle cheerful homes and scalding baths and bread and cheese and pickles by the fire; it was our own dirty glorious land.

And by God you should have heard us sing.



The Well-Lighted Nightmare

HILTON KRAMER

ANYONE who spends a great deal of time looking at current painting and sculpture must sooner or later fall victim to a nightmare in which the spectator, cut off from all evidence of ordinary life, wanders through an endless series of corridors hung with huge, blank canvases whose unfathomable emptiness is interrupted from time to time by the jagged, threatening forms of a macabre sculptural apparition. The landscape of this unhappy dream is bathed in a constant, brilliant light. Night never falls, nor do the emotions or common impedimenta of the mundane world ever intrude upon the tedious, artificial order that seems to stretch out forever in the distance. Time seems to have stopped; only the occasional encounter of some discarded object from real life—a few nails driven into a sculpture or a torn shirt collar pasted on a canvas surface—reminds the dreamer of the materiality and complexity of his waking life. And when he does awaken, the world of his common experience seems by comparison infinitely richer and more variable, one might almost say more *artistic*, than the carefully repeated aesthetic sensations that have gone into the making of the dream itself.

In the normal course of one's experience with contemporary art, this sort of nightmare remains a possibility that is never fully realized in fact. Most exhibitions, no matter how lean in content or unreasonable in size, sooner or later focus on some personal expression, some authentic note of feeling, that redeems the emptiness of the whole. But the general trend of modern exhibitions lies in the direction of just such a dream. Paintings grow larger and emptier. They lack not only subjects, in the conventional sense, but at times even a minimal evidence of workmanship or what used to be called composition. They tend to be enormous rectangles of one, two, or three colors, if indeed they have any color at all, and they disclose no more sign of individual vision or pictorial invention than one could discern in a

crack in the sidewalk or an abandoned billboard.

To accommodate such paintings, exhibition rooms have had to be expanded and redesigned. They have been emptied of all decorative or architectural detail that might compete visually with the minimal pictorial content of the paintings themselves. Elaborate lighting devices keep their barren spaces flooded with an even, infinite light, and the whiteness of the walls and partitions (which in many institutions are freshly repainted for every exhibition) contributes to the illusion of a vast emptiness. One's eye is naturally grateful for *something* to look at in an environment so radically denuded of visual incident, and it is perhaps inevitable that exhibitiongoers gradually succumb to the habit of examining intently and analytically what may be no more than a rip in the canvas or a large stain of thinned-out pigment poured out of a can. If in the country of the blind the one-eyed man is king, in the vast white desert of the modern exhibition world even a gratuitous splatter of paint can be valued as an emblem of personal identity. It is only when we return to the normal business of living that art of this sort seems deprived of real meaning and shows itself to be woefully unequal to our experience.

AMONG recent large-scale exhibitions, the 1961 Pittsburgh International Exhibition of Contemporary Painting and Sculpture—famously known as the Carnegie International—goes further in realizing the dimensions of this clean, well-lighted nightmare than any other event that has lately come to view. Installed in the vast reaches of Pittsburgh's Carnegie Institute, whose interior has in recent years been transformed at great expense for its purposes, the current International consists of 329 paintings and 116 sculptures from twenty-nine countries. Every work in the exhibition has been personally selected by Gordon Bailey Washburn, director of the Carnegie's Department of

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See page 53

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Fine Arts, who has spent the better part of three years going to galleries, studios, and private collections the world over to seek what he considers the most accomplished art of our time. If nothing else, the exhibition is a monument to Mr. Washburn's dedicated and wide-ranging labors. Unlike other events of comparable scope, such as the Venice Biennale or the Bienal de São Paulo, the International does not rely on an intricate network of national and international committees in assembling its comprehensive survey. As nearly as any exhibition can do, the Carnegie International represents one man's notion of what is valuable in world art today.

Or does it? The curious thing about the International is its impersonal and almost historical character. As one wanders through the smart galleries of the Carnegie Institute, the impression is of a completely anonymous selection of currently fashionable styles and ideas. No personal accent or bias is discernible. Familiar names and familiar works turn up with dismaying frequency, and where the name happens to be new, the work itself is usually a secondhand reflection of something one has already seen in the original. It becomes increasingly difficult to believe that any one man could regard so many works of such narrow scope with anything like a personal interest.

The truth seems to be that Mr. Washburn does not regard his task as that of bringing us an incisive, personal glimpse of current artistic achievement but as something quite different. What he gives us in Pittsburgh is a lengthy report on current taste in the international art market. In the three years that have elapsed since the last International, two developments in particular have won favor with stylish collectors and museum directors and with the dealers and critics who cater to their interests. One has been the proliferation of large canvases stained with thin washes of a very few colors (often a single color) that form a few very simple shapes. The main source of this type of painting is the work of two American artists, Mark Rothko and Barnett Newman, now both in their late fifties, who enjoy wide influence and esteem wherever abstract art holds sway. The other

development has been toward large collage constructions, which either hang on the wall like paintings or stand on the floor like sculpture but whose artistic character is derived from the anti-aesthetic materials (burlap bags, charred wood, smashed automobile parts, and other articles of junk) of which they are made. Both styles have lately won a major place for themselves in international dealing and in the art criticism (often written by critics who are themselves collectors and part-time dealers) that determines both financial and artistic values. Both styles dominate this year's International, which not only reflects market interests but is itself an important branch of the market. (Its sales run to six figures.)

Like many museum directors, Mr. Washburn is himself a man of catholic tastes, and like many of his colleagues, he is apparently unburdened by any sort of personal aesthetic conviction. Whenever he ventures beyond the limits of current vogues, as he occasionally does, his eye goes dead and he loses his way. This is particularly the case with the small number of figurative paintings that turn up, like overdressed country cousins, in an exhibition that otherwise looks so smart, lean, and chic. A steady visual diet of simple colored shapes and elegantly composed junk is not, it seems, the ideal preparation for selecting paintings that deal with difficult human subjects. Mr. Washburn shows himself to be completely incapable of distinguishing what is of value in painting or sculpture that deals in representational images, and the effect of his including work of this type in the International is not (as it might have been) to throw open a window on another kind of artistic ambition altogether, but simply to confirm the already widely held belief that this approach to art is sterile and outmoded. If figurative painting has found a friend in Mr. Washburn, it will need no enemies.

WHERE Mr. Washburn shows his real gift and his real emotional involvement in the enterprise is not in the selection of the art works but in their installation. Again, one is tempted to find this a characteristic bias of the museum man who probably chose his profession originally because

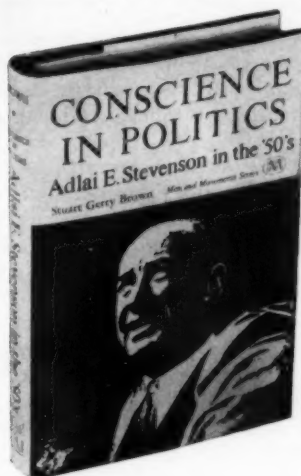
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of an aesthetic bent but who finds in practice that the only aesthetic outlet his job affords is in mounting works of art for which he may hold no personal feeling at all. Mr. Washburn is a master at staging exhibitions on this large and impersonal scale. All his intelligence and visual sophistication come into play in the planning and shaping of a great spectacle, and he carries it off with impressive clarity and vigor. I doubt if there is anyone in his profession who excels him in this aspect of his work. His talent for it is abetted, of course, by the kind of art he chooses to show, for it is an art of quick, decorative effects and thus lends itself to being manipulated by a showman of shrewd visual intelligence. If the art itself were composed of more recalcitrant images, if it dealt with more difficult subjects and were not so easily assimilable to the decorative function, he might find his abilities as a designer more severely taxed.

It is not entirely a personal fancy that leads one to compare the look of an exhibition of this kind to a nightmare vision. There is ample precedent for the comparison in modern painting itself. The whole emotional texture of an exhibition like the International resembles those metaphysical and surrealist paintings of Giorgio de Chirico and Yves Tanguy which portray in final detail the timeless world of dreams. Often, as in a modern exhibition, no specific object in these paintings is arresting or memorable or particularly dreadful in itself, but the disposition of the parts in an unreal space that is specially lighted for eerie effects confers the aura of a nightmare on the image as a whole. It is precisely this surrealist vision, with its mixture of clarity and artificiality, that modern exhibitions closely emulate.

But we have moved beyond the era in which artists create such concise images or a time in which the images themselves could be confined to a frame and hung on the wall. It is now the museum director, in his role as designer and impresario, who enjoys the prerogative of creating such visions, and he does so on a scale undreamed of by artists, whose individual works are now only counters and props in a vast display in which we too, as spectators, have been assigned our impersonal role.

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RECORD NOTES

SUNDAY AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD. Bill Evans Trio. (Riverside RLP 376, \$4.98; stereo, \$5.98.)

Although he has yet to establish a large audience for his work, the pianist Bill Evans has a reputation among his colleagues for his individuality and depth of lyricism. While he is technically impressive, he does not (unlike some of the more impatient modernists) substitute problem-solving for content.

At first, the essence of Evans's style appears to consist only of gentleness and clarity. Closer listening reveals a concentrated intensity and a remarkably personal way of reshaping lines and textures into new entities alive with surprises and provocative emotional implications. Evans can, as here, transform the treacly "Alice in Wonderland" into a luminous, floating daydream, while "My Man's Gone Now" comes close to pain without sliding into sentimentality.

This was the last recording session of the bassist Scott LaFaro, who died in a car crash last summer at the age of twenty-five. LaFaro was a stunning virtuoso with a full-bodied tone and a brilliant sense of melodic continuity. He complemented Evans exactly, as does the discreetly resourceful drummer, Paul Motian.

JAZZ ABSTRACTIONS. Compositions by Gunther Schuller and Jim Hall. (Atlantic 1365, \$4.98; stereo, \$5.98.)

Despite the chilly title, these compositions (all but one by Gunther Schuller) are not just experiments in complicating jazz. Schuller, the only contemporary classical composer with both long experience and inside knowledge of jazz, has succeeded here in stimulating rather than constricting the jazz musicians by giving them challenging formal frameworks for their playing.

Schuller's *Abstraction*, on which the alto saxophonist Ornette Coleman improvises against a composed background for string quartet and rhythm, has none of the self-consciousness of much previous "third stream" music (including some of Schuller's), and bristles with spontaneous-sounding invention. Schuller has also de-

veloped absorbingly diversified variants to themes originally provided by John Lewis and Thelonious Monk. His expansions open these works (*Django* and *Criss Cross*) to a range of mood and coloration that amplify rather than stifle the originals.

In addition to Mr. Coleman, the resilient players include, among others, Bill Evans, Scott LaFaro, Eric Dolphy, and guitarist Jim Hall. Although I consider these performances to be well within a reasonable definition of jazz, Schuller is correct in pointing out that labels are less important than the conviction of the players (and at least some of the laity) that this is "music not of yesterday's categories, but of today's musical realities." One element of today's musical reality is that jazz, without losing its boldness of spirit, is capable of disciplined intellectual direction. In some such attempts the burden of the superstructure has crushed spontaneity, but Schuller knows his men and materials well enough to avoid heaviness and pretentiousness on a record that will continue to disclose new pleasures through many hearings.

KING OF THE DELTA BLUES SINGERS. Robert Johnson. (Columbia CL 1654, \$3.98.)

John Hammond, Columbia's resident jazz historian, has begun what may be the most important series of jazz reissues ever undertaken by a major company. Particularly welcome is this collection of rare 1936-1937 recordings by the country blues singer Robert Johnson, who died soon after they were made, poisoned by a woman he had not loved well enough.

Johnson grew up in the Mississippi Delta, an area that has produced a number of the fiercest blues storytellers. His relatively high-pitched, harsh voice turned his songs of women and rootless traveling into urgent intimations of worse luck around the corner. Echoes of the earliest blues (the field hollers) break through in Johnson's intermittent moaning and falsetto keening. In addition to homemade metaphors of lovemaking, the lyrics give us stark sketches of the Southern Negro life that was responsible for the raging energy boiling underneath even the songs of satisfaction. More than most blues singers, John-

son gave the impression that he never expected to rest anywhere long. If only in that respect, he and Francis Thompson were kin:

"I got to keep moving, I got to keep moving.

Blues falling down like hail, blues falling down like hail.

I can't keep no money, Hellhound on my trail,

Hellhound on my trail, Hellhound on my trail."

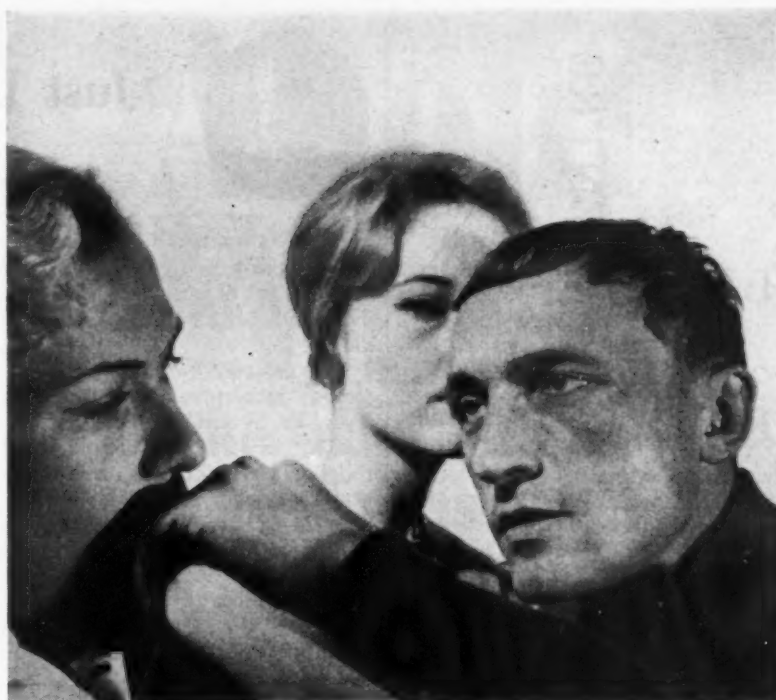
THE GENIUS SINGS THE BLUES. Ray Charles. (Atlantic 8052, \$3.98.)

Ray Charles's blues are not as desperate as those of Robert Johnson. Charles, after all, earns huge sums of money and is internationally lauded despite his recent brush with the law in Indianapolis on a narcotics charge. Since Johnson's time, Negro blues has reached white audiences as well, and Charles's records top the best-selling charts while his albums are diligently analyzed in the jazz magazines. What makes Charles a major singer is that he has drawn deeply from the older blues language and has much of the power and honesty of the battered wanderers of Johnson's generation and before.

Charles is comparatively sophisticated and can play fluent modern jazz piano and alto saxophone. But when, as in this anthology of his more popular work, he sings, composes, and rocks the piano, Charles is in total contact with his basic audience, the urban Negro. His lyrics are vigorously idiomatic; his beat is contagiously right for dancing or handclapping; and the hot, shouting tone of his voice resembles a store-front sermon.

Charles's blues roam from brooding darkness to leaping celebration, and he sings them with an enveloping warmth that relaxes the listener at the same time it sets him into pulsating motion. Just as the sanguine jubilees succeeded the more sorrowful early spirituals, so Ray Charles's blues expect more gratification here and now than Robert Johnson's did, although they continue to underline the frustrations that flesh of all colors is heir to. The prevailing feeling, however, is that the Hellhound can be outdistanced.

—NAT HENTOFF



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Just Looking

MARYA MANNES

AN HONEST CRITIC will, I think, confess to certain blocks against certain types of plays which he must overcome before delivering judgments.

I, for instance, would prefer not to see any more plays about the Irish Troubles by anybody, or, for that matter, plays in Irish brogue about religion. I am not mad for Restoration comedy or for plays in which men in costume swashbuckle and crowds mill and mutter. And I view with advance alarm dramas where people in Biblical robes and matted hair probe the meaning of man and God. This, I feared, was what *Gideon* had in store for me.

But Paddy Chayefsky dispelled such qualms in the first five minutes. He has written a splendid dialogue—funny, majestic, and moving in turn—between the Lord Jehovah and a silly, petulant, but endearing clod called Gideon which shows how hard it is for man and faith to live together. For this God is a jealous and demanding God, and His love is a heavy burden on a frail mortal. As His angel's chosen instrument, Gideon triumphs over the Midianites and is adored by his people, but it is harder and harder for him to sustain the humble love for the Lord his friend while his ego swells in his bosom and the cold new light of the social sciences turns miracles into "economic drives."

There are others in the play, of course: Gideon's family, some comic soldiers, some Midianites, quickly slaughtered, and a very accomplished belly dancer. But the evening belongs to Fredric March, who has never been more commanding and many-faceted than as this sculptural and sometimes fearful Jehovah, and to Donald Campbell, the sight of whose plump body in its ragged tunic scarcely prepares you for the vitality, delicacy, and variety of his acting.

The second act of *Gideon* is more prolongation than revelation, and there are times when Tyrone Guthrie's imaginative direction must sup-

ply the movement the script lacks. But the best thing about *Gideon* as a whole is the evidence it supplies of the continuing growth of Chayefsky as a playwright. He has found fresh ways of saying things, and he is achieving a subtlety and lightness of touch that show an expanding sensibility and sophistication; he is moving ahead.

BALANCING my pre-aversions are predispositions. I settle happily in my seat before a word is spoken when I see a tasteful living room with all the necessary doors and appointments and wait for a woman in a smart suit to come in and adjust flowers. I am equally comforted by dark baronial interiors with fireplaces, staircases, and a view through mullioned windows to the bare branches of trees. Both biases have been catered to successfully this autumn. The living room belongs to a dentist and his adulterous wife, and Graham Greene has made great sport of the predicaments in which they and her darkling lover find themselves and the solution the complaisant husband finally proffers. I found *The Complaisant Lover* beautifully irreverent and often extremely funny, and if I don't really believe in a dentist like Sir Michael Redgrave or a wife like Googie Withers, it doesn't worry me; perhaps because adultery doesn't worry Mr. Greene, who knows that love is a many-sided thing and that legitimate hungers may sometimes be illegitimately fed.

As for the spooky room, *Write Me a Murder* provides everything needed except terror. Frederick Knott, who scared us in *Dial M for Murder* eight years ago, now spins a tidy plot that concerns two aristocratic English brothers, owners of the ancestral pile; a crass British tycoon, who wants to relieve them of it; and his bullied wife, who wants to relieve herself of him. It is very pleasurable trying to follow the thread through the cat's cradle. It is also pleasant to be in the company of

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James Donald, Kim Hunter, Torin Thatcher, Denholm Elliott, and that splendidly grizzled actress Ethel Griffies, who doctors them all. None of them frightened me, but it was nice to feel that they might.

MY FOREBODINGS about costume musicals with swaggering heroes were, I must report, fully justified by *Kean*. This is what is known as a lavish production, based—loosely no doubt—on Jean-Paul Sartre's play based on the elder Dumas' play about that London theater idol of the early nineteenth century. There is no doubt that Alfred Drake fits the part of this amorous thespian like a pair of tights, that the ladies are comely, the costumes rich, and the settings a-dazzle, and for the first act, all these and a romantically resonant score put one in an amiable glow. But in the interminable second act, boredom extended its spongy hold. What *Kean* did to ladies, to Shakespeare, and to the Prince of Wales became of monumental unimportance, and even all the pretty colors couldn't help.

AMONG my apprehensions I forgot to include translations from the French. Sometimes they work and sometimes they don't, and in *A Shot in the Dark* I would say that Harry Kurnitz's adaptation from Marcel Achard almost made the trip. It's all about a charmingly available French maid involved with a chauffeur, her employer, a murder, and an examining magistrate, and it's full of neat and light quips on the nature of passion and justice. Julie Harris is, after years of purity, permitted sex and frivolity, and she makes a holiday of it. Walter Matthau is brilliantly funny as her tycoon-employer-seducer, and if he had been onstage more I would have been more consistently amused. But apart from him, I found myself nagged by a tendency to wonder how the lines would have sounded in French and a suspicion that they would have sounded better.

I WOULD ALSO LIKE to say that *Kwamina* is pronounced KWA-minna. It's about the birth of a new African nation and love between a beautiful white bush doctor and an Oxford-educated Negro doctor and ...

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"His were the qualities of character that last forever. He was kind; he had courage and self-restraint, and though all had been taken from him, there was no bitterness in his heart. His soul was that of a child, his mind that of a philosopher."—Saxton Pope, from *Ishi in Two Worlds*.

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BOOKS



Somewhere in Russia

ALFRED KAZIN

ON SOCIALIST REALISM, by Abram Tertz. Pantheon. \$2.95.

Somewhere in Russia, in a small flat no doubt containing the standard rubber plant and the light wood bookcases, a young writer, whose real name I'm glad I don't know, sits writing an essay that cannot be published in Russia. In the prologue to his remarkable short novel published here last year, *The Trial Begins*, he describes himself putting his head out of the window from time to time to gulp the raw, damp air. I somehow picture him wearing a turtle-neck sweater, because he is cosmopolitan and sophisticated enough to know that it is the costume of the Angries in Britain and the Beats in America; he is probably of their generation, and he shares their helpless distaste for the Establishment, the Old Men in Office.

HE WRITES under the name of Abram Tertz. The name is taken from a banned Moscow University song, and he is probably not Jewish; but as a popular poet who is said to be "the Russian Elvis Presley" recently demonstrated in denouncing anti-Semitism, many young Soviet artists have taken up the cause of the luckless Russian Jews; a Jewish doctor plays a central role in *The Trial Begins*, and the author pictures himself in a prison camp working side by side with the doctor and the rebellious son of the state prosecutor. This situation is typical of "Abram Tertz," for his temper is sardonic and his personal tastes all for fantasy.

He opens his novel with a scene straight out of Kafka's *The Trial*, and in his essay *On Socialist Realism*, he virtually makes you see him as a sassy and unsuffering character in 1984 or *Brave New World*.

Turtleneck sweater or no, he has a remarkably penetrating mind, and he is serious as Russians are supposed to be and used to be. He understands a good deal of what the great Russian writers understood before the Revolution—along with some things they didn't have to understand. His main point is that the melancholy unbelievers of the nineteenth century, vainly seeking the God they could no longer return to, have been replaced by twentieth-century fanatics who have turned history into a terrible and merciless religion. The purpose of Soviet Communism is to establish heaven on earth, and all things are judged in relation to this grand purpose. In dissecting "socialist realism," which is now the only accepted philosophy and style in Russia, Abram Tertz is really laying bare the cruel contradictions at the heart of Soviet society. For as he shows, the official state authority, which insists that writing be "realistic," concrete, true to Soviet life, also demands that "realism" preach the virtues of this society. Soviet society is wholly and inexorably purposeful; it is dominated by the goal which only Marxism has prophesied and only Communism can establish. But how, Abram Tertz asks, can you have "realism," which by tradition is always critical of in-

stitutions, and turn it into an official propaganda literature that exists to glorify society?

To the Communists, heaven is already here—and if not in its full and final form as yet, is on its way to being realized. This mythology is exactly the burden on a young, sardonic, independent writer in the Soviet Union. For what man demands of life is some fulfillment of his conscious sense of destiny. If the state has the power to make you believe that fulfillment is being achieved, that there is no satisfaction in life like it, how can one writer resist a force that is founded not merely on external power but also on the terrible arrogance of those who honestly believe that they have established man's destiny for all time? There is no cruelty like living in a society where people exist only in order to fulfill a function in history.

EVEN TREES in the Soviet Union, says Tertz, cease being aimless trees and "become paper filled with destiny." "In the final reckoning we live only to speed the coming of Communism." For this higher purpose, so pleasing to the imagination, so stimulating to the production of endlessly similar books about "positive heroes" (who are not weaklings and death seekers, like the heroes of decadent western literature, but virile types positively working for progress), people sacrifice their scruples, their personal ambitions, their loved ones. Above all, as Tertz so brilliantly makes clear, they sacrifice their innocence. "So that prisons should vanish forever, we built new prisons. So that all frontiers should fall, we surrounded ourselves with a Chinese Wall. So that work should become a rest and a pleasure, we introduced forced labor. So that not one drop of blood be shed any more, we killed and killed and killed." To people outside, ignorant of the satisfactions of Communism, complaining that the Russians lack freedom, Tertz answers that religion does not require freedom. The westerner's starting point is always "belief in the freedom of the individual." But "What freedom—if the comparison be permitted—does the religious person require from God? The freedom to praise God still more ardently?"

Since Tertz's main point is that



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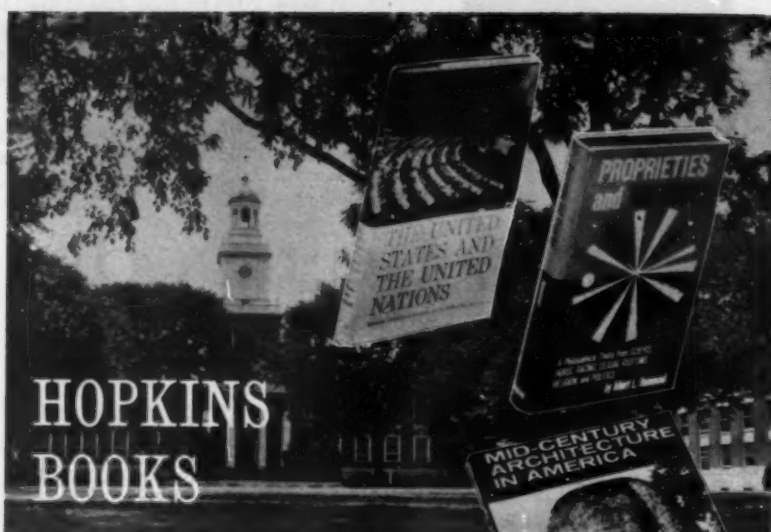
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Communism came to Russia to end "the orgy of godlessness" in the nineteenth century, he can say that contemporary Christians in the West have broken their spiritual fast by confusing the "freedom of choice" that Christ is supposed to have given us with "free elections, free enterprise, and free press." Their talk of freedom in religious matters sounds to him like a "dubious borrowing from the parliamentary system to which they are accustomed, for it bears no resemblance to the Kingdom of God, if only because no president or prime minister is ever elected in paradise. Even the most liberal God offers only one freedom of choice: to believe or not to believe, to be for Him or for Satan, to go to paradise or to hell. Communism offers just about the same right. If you don't want to believe, you can go to jail—which is by no means worse than hell."

Here Tertz comes to his real demand on Soviet authority. He has established the fact that Communism is theocratic and that "realism" can only be in contradiction of its theology. He makes it clear that he feels he is living in a medieval state, under the eye of an Inquisition. But does he want to see a fundamental change in this society? Even if he thought it possible, he wouldn't admit it. He could hardly advocate a return to freedom, which the Russians have never had; and since he has just made it clear that he is Marxist enough to see our freedom limited by our institutions, he would hardly expect freedom to arise in a society based on authoritarian socialism.

WHAT, THEN, does he want? He wants, as a writer, the freedom not to be a realist. He does not want to challenge the system under which he has grown up; he merely wants to be able to write fantasy, comedy, satire, romance. As he says, "Art is not afraid of dictatorship, severity, repressions, or even conservatism and clichés." Art has often been created where there is no freedom—and lately, Tertz might have added, it has not been doing so well in countries that boast of their freedom. Egyptian art, Russian icons, art in the Middle Ages, all show that it is perfectly possible to have great art without the freedoms we westerners think so im-

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portant. Art can live with tyranny; what it cannot tolerate, says Tertz, is eclecticism, the mishmash of "realism" in an authoritarian culture. Or as Tertz might have put it if he were writing about America, you cannot have high art produced by the huckstering methods of television. What is nonsensical and self-defeating about Soviet literature is exactly the slogan of verisimilitude in a state that imposes a fantasy on its own people. Only when it abandons the pretense that it can tell the truth literally will Soviet literature "be able to express the grand and implausible sense of our era."

So Tertz concludes his essays with this implied plea to the masters of the state: let us at least be imaginative, fantastic, wayward, and romantic, and we will bow to your theology as much as you insist. Let us at least have the freedom to paint like Jackson Pollock, as they do in Poland, to write novels like Kafka and poems like E. E. Cummings.

Yet this argument may not be as limited and as innocent as it sounds. It is not hard to see why this essay had to be smuggled out to Paris and why the young author can never acknowledge it. For as Tertz knows better than any of us, the Soviet bureaucrats do not insist on socialist realism for propaganda purposes only. In Russia, where the writer has always shown the way to others, socialist realism at least guarantees that the writer is on the side of the state and not founding a rival religion. Can you imagine a Soviet official reading this book, which is so merciless an exposure of the religious suppositions he denies free expression to in others, and still assuming that the author asks only the freedom to practice a freer, more sophisticated form of literature? The man who wrote this book and *The Trial Begins* shows a freedom of mind, a boldness of understanding, that leave one breathless. The book brings back, in short compass, much that in the past so memorably affected the western mind in reading the great Russian writers. This is why I keep thinking of that young writer, whoever he is and wherever he is. I am inexpressibly grateful for his existence. He relieves me of the cant that the two halves of the world will never understand each other.

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Of the millions of words written in honor and exegesis of Freud, none are more eloquent than Auden's elegy:

*"Our rational voice is dumb: over
a grave
The household of impulse mourns
one dearly loved.*

*Sad is Eros, builder of cities,
And weeping anarchic Aphrodite."*

Greatness enforces cliché. And because the accomplishment is so manifold, it becomes difficult to imagine it as the labor of one man—private, particular, fallible:

*"To us he is no more a person
Now but a whole climate of
opinion,
Under whom we conduct our
differing lives."*

Yet Freud was a person, and his mythology of the mind, despite its scope of relevance, is profoundly conditioned by the particulars of his own lineage, temper, and style of life. Psychoanalysis is, as some of its detractors have stridently argued, a Judaic conception. It is penetrated with characteristic Jewish assumptions of rationalism, paternalistic authority, inherited fate, and masculinity (can one conceive of a woman devising the psychoanalytic image of conduct?). Behind it lies a refusal of darkness, a typical Jewish conviction that no sphere of reality should be immune from rational examination. The father figure of Freudian mythology is often Jehovah masked as man—arbitrary, demanding affection and obedience, and, inevitably, provoking rebellion.

Freud distinguished severely between Jewishness as religion—"my attitude toward any religion, including ours, is critically negative"—and as code of moral and intellectual pursuit. The latter he unflinchingly

espoused: "We Jews have always known how to respect spiritual values. We preserve our unity through ideas, and because of them we have survived to this day." Freud's inner self-portrait, moreover, the persona around which he more or less consciously shaped his ambitions, was that of Moses. Michelangelo's statue, which he first saw in 1901 and about which he was still writing in 1921, exercised on him the spell of a secret mirror. Nearly the last thing he published was his strange, brilliant conjecture, *Moses and Monotheism*. Freud too had endured through enmity, rebellion by his followers, and constant solitude of thought to become the leader of a great movement and to see it on the threshold of victory.

Freud was not only a Jew, but a Jew born and raised in the special context of the Austro-Hungarian empire of the late nineteenth century, and in the even more special milieu of academic and bourgeois Vienna. When Soviet and other critics point out that psychoanalysis is saturated with middle-class values, that its entire framework of social and sexual stress derives from the specific conditions of bourgeois life in Central Europe at the turn of the century, they are undeniably right.

Freud's experiences during his Vienna boyhood and adolescence in the Kaiser Josefstrasse, his exposure to the complex simultaneity of Austrian anti-Semitism and of the new freedom and prestige won by Viennese Jews, determined his outlook and temper. It made him the ironic, proud, tenacious man he was. His own life—with the long engagement to Martha Bernays, the financial scruples, and the exemplary family relations—was bourgeois to the core. The thinker who flung open the doors of night, who gave to anarchic Aphrodite the freedom of the city, was a solid, often old-fashioned family father, striving for acceptance and professional respectability in the most small-townish of capitals.

In both technique and imaginative form, psychoanalysis is rooted in the Central European atmosphere of the period from 1885 to 1914. It mirrors the specific facts of bourgeois sexual and economic habits, the primacy of the father, the double code of the

"decent" and the "loose" woman, the aspiration of the eldest son toward his father's social and professional legacy, the troubling yet licit sphere of condoned promiscuities in the maid's garret or in the brothel around the gas-lit corner. Freud's account of man is in large measure a piece of local history; it has no greater relevance to life in a Chinese commune than does *The Forsyte Saga*.

PRECISELY because the edifice of psychoanalytic theory—unlike, say, that of relativity—bears so strongly the stamp of its builder, a biography of Freud is of the essence. To say that Ernest Jones's *Life and Work of Sigmund Freud* is a modern classic is a truism. The present abridgment, which Lionel Trilling and Steven Marcus have edited with great skill and tact, in no way replaces the three-volume original. The amplitude and deliberate pace of Jones's narrative, the Victorian leisure of his design, were crucial to the purpose. Freud's progress toward mastery over his own insights and toward recognition in the intellectual and medical world was slow and often agonizingly devious. By exhibiting in detail various provisional or intermediary summations of Freud's theory of consciousness, Jones conveys all of the man's capacity for self-criticism, his fierce readiness to abandon what had been achieved at great labor in the light of challenge or new evidence. Being swifter and more continuous, the abridged biography at times conveys a deceptive impression of ease. Like Moses, Freud never wholly emerged from the wilderness either of his own meditations or of scientific hostility.

Even where one fully supports the grounds for abridgment, something is lost. The medical log of the numerous operations performed on Freud's cancerous jaw does indeed make monotonous, specialized reading. But the sheer reiteration of pain and diminishing hope brings home vividly the greatness of Freud's courage, his utter refusal to seek refuge in illusion. And there is no lack of Freudian irony in the fact that a man who relied on the revelations and powers of speech should be so stricken in his mouth.

Given the limitations of their in-



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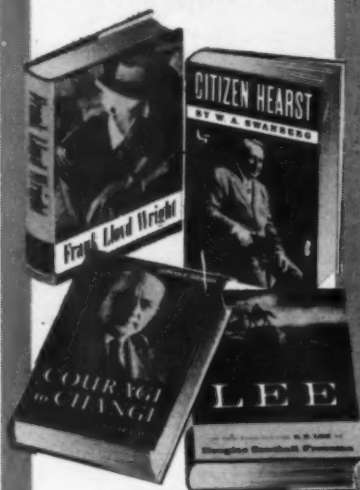
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tent, Trilling and Marcus have done a trim, authoritative piece of work. Through it, Jones's massive opus will reach an ever-widening audience. Even foreshortened, moreover, the life of Freud remains an enthralling, complex saga.

It is full of sheer adventure. On October 15, 1897, Freud wrote to Wilhelm Fliess, that uncannily gifted but superficial doctor and biologist who played so pivotal a role in Freud's own unconscious:

"Being entirely honest with oneself is a good exercise. Only one idea of general value has occurred to me. I have found love of the mother and jealousy of the father in my own case too, and now believe it to be a general phenomenon of early childhood, even if it does not always occur so early as in children who have been made hysterics. . . . If that is the case, the gripping power of *Oedipus Rex*, in spite of all the rational objections to the inexorable fate that the story presupposes, becomes intelligible. . . . the Greek myth seizes on a compulsion which everyone recognizes because he has felt traces of it in himself. . . . The idea has passed through my head that the same thing may lie at the root of Hamlet."

In Cracow I was shown a book on whose margin Copernicus sketched, as if wary of his own thought, the first tentative picture of a heliocentric system. The shock of insight is equally palpable; of such private, meditative essays is the future born. Nor can one follow without a sense of physical excitement the account of the accidents, tenacities of study, and leaps of intuition that gave Freud the keys to *The Interpretation of Dreams*. With his sense of history and document, Freud himself recorded the date, asking later, half in jest, whether a marble tablet would ever be affixed to the house at Bellevue where "on July 24, 1895, the Secret of Dreams was revealed to Dr. Sigmund Freud." The road to revelation had led, as Freud himself disclosed in 1908, through the harsh, never before explored process of self-analysis. The results were often appalling in the literal sense (analyzing a dream about his American niece, Freud found in himself a sexual wish toward his eldest daughter). Yet he never turned back.

We are too near in time to the live presence and writings of Freud to judge what will wear best or grow most decisively a part of the future. It may well be that it is not the major analytical writings or anatomy of the mind that will prove most enduring. Here many doubts and modifications are already in order. It is increasingly apparent that the Freudian model of consciousness and neural impulse will have to be related to a physiology more sophisticated than that which Freud had at his disposal. The high road of psychiatric progress seems now to lie neither with classic psychoanalysis nor with Pavlovian determinism, but somewhere in between.

It is the late, speculative essays—*Civilization and Its Discontents*, *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, and even *The Future of an Illusion*—which Freud himself regarded as unsatisfactory—that bear most richly and provocatively on our present dilemmas. It is as poet, in the Greek sense of maker of myth and meaning, and as philosopher in the social-moralistic lineage of Rousseau and Nietzsche, that Freud looms at many points on the intellectual horizon. His conjectures about the "death instinct" and about the compulsive repetition patterns in self-imposed suffering have found little echo among orthodox disciples or other scientists. But nothing in psychoanalytic theory throws a deeper, more disturbing light on the nightmares of modern politics.

THERE ARE NUMEROUS aspects of anthropology, economic behavior and political science in which Freud's ideas are only beginning to be fully and responsibly absorbed. There is hardly any sphere in the social sciences where such Freudian notions as repression, sublimation, compulsion, or syndrome do not play a part. Similarly, as Trilling has pointed out, no poet or novelist has done more than Freud to modify the climate of twentieth-century literature and criticism.

As he sank into sleep, in exile and after persistent physical torment, Freud must have known that he was one of those rare titans whose name was no longer his own but had become a word in men's common speech and a sign for the age.

Toyland Revisited

JAY JACOBS

TOYS IN AMERICA, by Inez and Marshall McClintock. Illustrated. Public Affairs Press. \$8.

like the Puritan diarist quoted by the authors of this imposing volume, was "a very naughty boy, much given to play." Unlike the diarist, I gaze fondly and without remorse on that ever-diminishing figure. I no longer have the right to call "me": that fleet, runny-nosed figure, Benfielder loping through the dusk, and an early spring day. I can still envision him back there, his best school trousers freshly torn at the knee, his sand deliciously filling his flap-presented shoe, the burnished knuckles of his dirty right fist compulsively meaning his greasy Spalding glove to make a good pocket"—hoping to feel the sweet sting of just one more ball while it's still light enough

to see it coming (and while supper turns gray in the pan).

A shagginess that can only be of a Teddy bear brushes the mind's edge, but the first toy I remember with anything like clarity was a fire engine: a splendid thing, with yellow wooden ladders, brass bell, red lights, and a portly "No. 7" in black-trimmed gilt on its radiator. I found it under the tree on my fifth Christ-



mas and—perhaps because it was too complete—I took an instant dislike to it.

There were the sleds—Flexible Flyers—and wild bellywhopper rides down the corkscrew mile of Cherry Valley Hill and across the hushed

fields that spun slowly up to meet you; the rag-tailed kites, your own soaring soul on a string; drums, which with only a little pounding reduced grown-ups to chattering idiocy; the educational banks, which may not have taught thrift but certainly taught the rudiments of burglary; the roller skates—one always came off just when you were going good; and bubble gum! With six hunks of Fleer's you could blow one so big you'd be covered from eyebrows to chin with a sudden, numbed second skin when it busted.

I MENTION these things because they came insistently to mind as I read *Toys in America*. More than anything else, Inez and Marshall McClintock's book is what amounts to a simple litany of the common and proper nouns of childhood and youth: nouns that will activate the memories of all who once were children as inevitably as his crumbs of *madeleine* restored the past to Proust.

There is much that is wrong with the book. For one thing, it is mis-titled. It might with more precision have been called "The Toy Industry in America," since (except for some

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COME FROM DOUBLEDAY

misleading statistics) little attention is paid to the imported playthings that were an integral part of many children's lives in every generation since the thaw of Puritanism—and (except for two or three articles that survive as museum pieces) almost none to the millions of toys made entirely by children themselves. For another, it is preoccupied with milestones in the saga of industrial toy-making in this country to the point of neglecting entirely the countless small, cheap playthings that, in my childhood at least, often provided more delight and have proved to be more memorable than the expensive, complicated proofs of Yankee ingenuity that in many cases fascinated parents more than children.

Finally, the authors are given to an antiquarian bias that invests the "collector's items" of today with a relative prominence they never had in the general scheme of things, while casually dismissing many of the perennial favorites that were and are the staples of toydom. When five pages of text and six of illustrations are devoted to the mechanical banks of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, but the word

"kite" occurs just once in what purports to be the definitive work on American toys, the least that may be said against its authors is that they lack a sense of proportion. Similarly, Scrabble (a game beyond the capacities of most grown-ups) is given adequate coverage; but nowhere is there any mention of Old



Maid, bubble pipes, trading cards, "pop-up" books, gyroscopes, or (not to mention the hundreds of penny items that were designed to function as toys before they were eaten) of countless other articles that have had

real meaning for generations of children.

In spite of the shortcomings I've listed, the McClintocks deserve hearty thanks of all ex-children for their laborious copying out of trade directories, jobbers' inventories, retailers' catalogues, and newspaper advertisements; for the thousands of brand names and generic terms, any one of which may suddenly let us relive a moment of the years when we were most alive.

A toy, according to my dictionary, is "any article constructed for the amusement of children": a definition so inclusive that it ceases to mean anything. The authors of *Toys in America* have prudently restricted their researches to "toys specifically made as toys," and have made an attempt to cope with frogs and snakes and snow and puddles, chairs and thumbtacks and wet cement and cigar boxes, things that go squeak and things that don't—or anything else you care to name. It is precisely because no meaningful definition or definitive work on toys can ever be written that childhood is so sweet—and so short.

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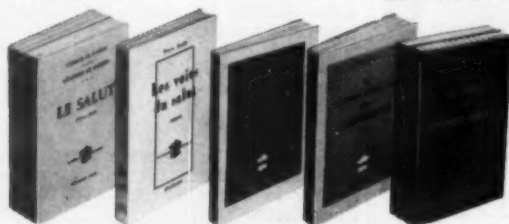
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